

Morning Star

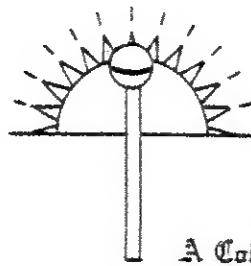
North Scott High School Library
Eldridge, Iowa 52748



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Morning Star

A Collection of Student Writing

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MORNING STAR...

...is the name of a medieval weapon, but the term also signifies the awakening freshness and potential of young artists and writers at North Scott. This third annual collection of creative student expression joins The Lance, the student newspaper, and The Shield, the yearbook, as productions of the North Scott High School Language Arts Department.

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John Friedl '87

EMOTIONS

Pain is when people talk about you behind your back and they think you can't hear them, but you can.

Jealousy is when someone you love leaves you, to be with someone else.

Frustration is when you try as hard as you can, and the coach still doesn't notice.

Disappointment is when you prepare for an audition for 3 months; and don't make it.

Loneliness is when the whole gang goes out for pizza, and doesn't invite you.

Depression is when you don't have a date for the prom, because you didn't get asked.

Anger is when you have to be home at 11:30, and everyone else can stay out till one.

Fear is when you look at your future, and you don't know what it holds.

Excitement is when you're playing a team ranked higher than you, and you win.

Relief is when you skip study hall, and don't get caught.

Pride is when you perform well, and they give you a standing ovation.

Triumph is when you try your hardest, and beat someone who is considered better than you are.

Trust is when you tell your best friend all your problems, because you know she won't tell anyone else.

Confidence is when everyone tells you you were great, because you were.

Peace is when you have all your homework done, and you can sit around with your friends and have nothing to worry about.

Happiness is when someone says they love you, and they mean it.

Love is when you can share your life with someone, and they share theirs with you.

Chris Noel, '87



THINGS

Things are so different,
Times are so blue,
They are only happy,
When I'm with you.
When we're together,
It's like nothing else matters.
When we're apart,
You're still in my heart.
When times are good, and good are few, I
Would like to spend them all with you.

Lisa Loussaert, '89

1931 FORD COUPE

In 1931 she was born. With her brothers and sisters she frolicked through the streets pretending to be the queen. Then in her prime something happened, she hid away, she left never to be seen again. Then in her latter years she met a man. He took her out of her lonely hole and changed her. He gave her new things and made her feel good again. Now once again she rides through the streets, a queen again.

Jim Cozad, '89



SUNDAY MORNING WITHOUT DAD

Once a month my dad used to go on flight weekend with the local National Guard Unit. He doesn't do that any more now that he is retired. That left my Mom, my brother, Kent, and me home alone for the whole weekend. On Sunday we had to get ready to go to church without Daddy. What a disaster!

On normal Sundays, Dad got up, made the coffee, and got rolls out ready for breakfast. Then he got everybody up. I was always the first one up after Dad because I like him best. Kent was always last up because I guess he's just plain lazy.

This was no ordinary weekend. Dad, the organizer, was absent. This Sunday Mom had to get up early and get everything ready. My mother is very organized in her personal preparation, but when she has six and eight year old kids running around, screaming and fighting, she loses her cool and goes nuts!

I was slow getting up this morning because I knew Dad wasn't there to do my hair or scrub behind my ears. I'm not saying my Mom is a bad hairstylist. My long, blond hair always looked nice when she was done. But while she was doing it, and an hour or so after, it hurt so bad because she pulled so hard.

To this day my Mom and I are always on time, and Kent is always late. Mother and I were sitting in the car waiting for my forever-tardy brother. Kent was in the bathroom doing his usual #2 duty. Of course we were off schedule because Daddy wasn't there to coax us along.

Finally we were on our way, all three of us, nice and cozy in our luxurious, yellow Sport-A-Bout. My brother and I were forced to listen to my mom's very own written songs. Mother is not only a good singer, but one of her other wonderful talents was her smooth driving technique. I remember slamming into my brother going around corners, and once in a while I got hurled into the dashboard by my mother's screeching brakes.

We made it into the church parking lot. That was when my mom turned the volume down on her charming music. She didn't want any



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part of the congregation to think she was demon-possessed or anything.

The same church still accepts us. Every Sunday, with or without Dad, we made it on time, and most importantly, we made it safely. After all these years my mom has improved her driving skills a little. Now we all wear our seatbelts.

Tiffin Long, '87

W

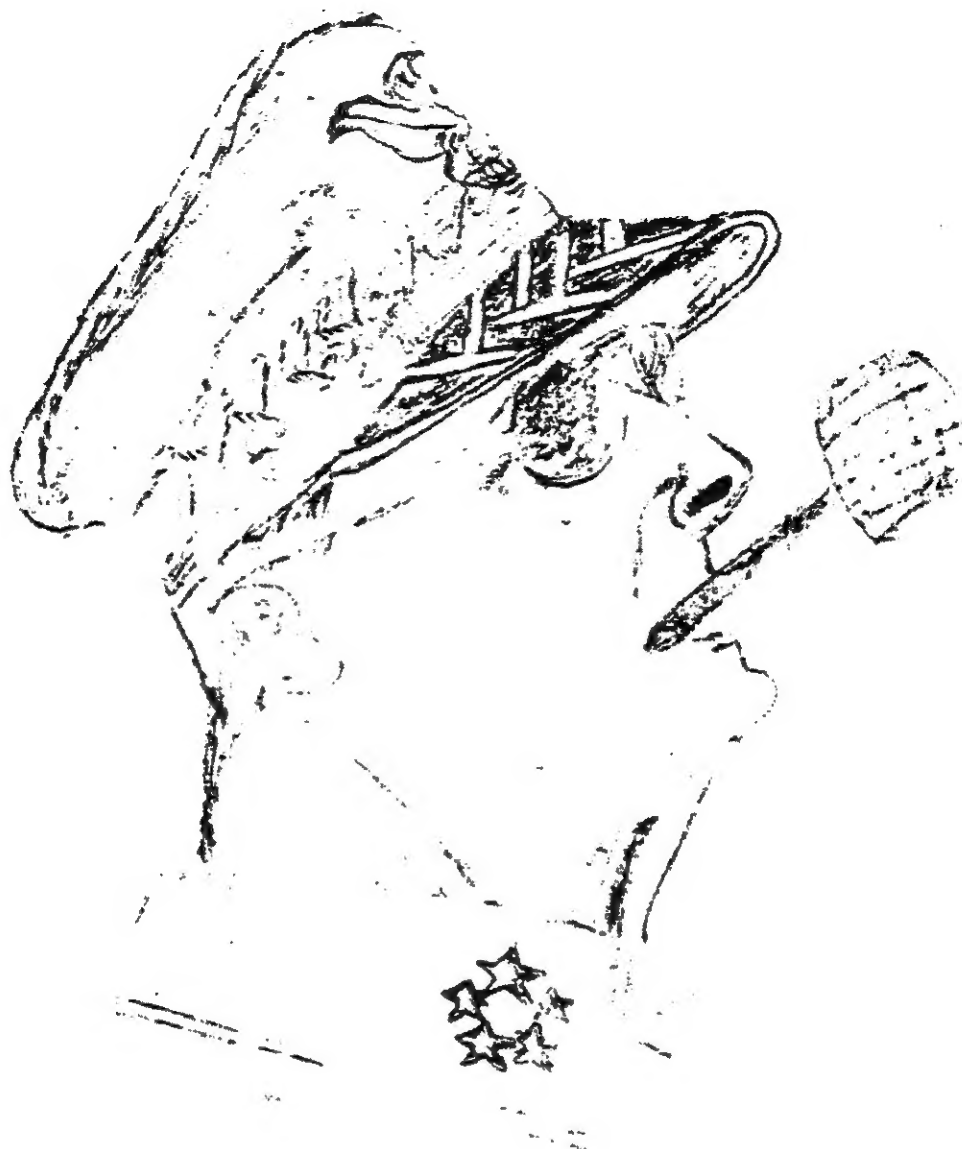
WAR

Will I live to see
My children grow
And have children of their own?
The threat of the bomb
Has hung over my head,
As well as my parent's
For such a long time.

Will the bomb be dropped?
Will I be alive to see?
But who will drop it,
Who will foresee?
Perhaps Russia will drop it
But that I doubt
For if they do
We will return with ours.

My dreams are haunted
By such a war with the bomb.
There is no civilization left.
There may be people
Here and there, but not humans.
They are like diseased zombies.
I hope this which I have said
Stays in my head and out of real life.

Michelle Peterson, '87



Gen. MacARTHUR

Michelle McKnight '86



"Weak -shall Perish"

1/5

Clint Balsar

Clint Balsar '87

We've come a long way in the typical stereotype of a police action movie, since the days when Jack Webb patrolled the streets as Sgt. Joe Friday and Robert Stack struck fear in a criminal's heart as the gallant Elliot Ness. It seems police movies have followed each other in the same "Good Guy, Bad Guy" model, with the good guys always coming out on top in the end. As movies followed this trait the movies seemed to keep audiences, but they were not totally overwhelmingly excitement packed films. In recent times the movie directors and producers have found what it takes to bring audiences back: humor. That's why I think Beverly Hills Cop had the most comical dialogue for a movie in the last year.

This comical thriller seemed to be filled with such effective one-liners that would keep the most critical critic holding his stomach in laughter. The overall reaction of audiences across the country was very positive. Although at times the dialogue seemed to be filled with unneeded obscenities, the movie had all the flare and flash it takes to bring back audiences, which it did, breaking all box office records at the same time. The typical movie-goer's response to Beverly Hills Cop was that without any doubt they would see this unique film again.

Unique is the best way to describe the plot of this movie. The action in this movie is so rapid and fast paced you can't help but become caught up in the adventures of Detroit Detective Axel Foley as he seeks revenge in Beverly Hills. The directors of Beverly Hills Cop could have made it into the regular "blood and death" type of movie with the regular police movie plot filled with boredom, but with some masterful brain-storming they produced the Beverly Hills Cop we know, humor and all. Humorous dialogue throughout the span of a detective film was almost unheard of until Beverly Hills Cop was released; this is what made it so immensely popular. It's been known for a long time that people love to see something that's not normal. This movie had beyond a shadow of a doubt a very abnormal and interesting plot-dialogue combination compared to the slow methodical plot and tough guy dialogue of days of yore.



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Eddie Murphy is the funniest comedian in America today. Eddie put into this movie all of his natural comical instincts to make this movie the humorous hit it became. Murphy used his impeccable timing and his incredible ad-libbing techniques to make the most normal of scenes funny. He's the man who made this movie what it is. He combined a light-hearted kid with a street-wise cop on his own looking for revenge for a friend's death. "Eddie Murphy's the most popular entertainer in America today. His newest comedy, Beverly Hills Cop is thrashing all competition at the box office. At the ripe old age of 23, Eddie is sizzling hot," according to Gene Lyons critic for Newsweek. It took this sizzling hot comic to sell this movie and make it as humorous as it was. With the reputation Eddie Murphy brought to this movie, starring in Trading Places, 48 Hrs, and Saturday Night Live, most people expected a laugh a minute type of movie, and that's just what they got.

It's been a long time coming for a movie to break the mold of the police films of years gone by. Although in the past these films drew audiences, it's nothing to the audiences that are flocking to the movie theaters to view the blockbuster hit Beverly Hills Cop. This movie combines all the ingredients to be the best-selling movie of all time. The humor in this film brings out a rare look of comedy in the American film makers minds' today. This ingenuity helps Beverly Hills Cop solidify its reputation of having the funniest dialogue for a movie in the last year!

Dave Wilford, '86



NO ONE



h, the winter winds blow,
Unstopped by my loud cries.
The cold snow surrounds me;
As I scream for mercy.

But no one will hear me.
I have no place to go,
No one cares about me.
Yet I cannot lose hope.

Mark Oliver, '87

The bus I ride to school every morning is an old woman, who's done her job for so long that she knows the route blindfolded. She's always sick, but somehow keeps going. She puts up with sixty kids screaming and yelling at her. They're jumping around all over her. In the winter, it is harder for her to wake up in the morning than in the summer.

She hums a slow whining sound to make sure she's still going. Her frame is scarred and dull but is still very solid. She looks like she's put a lot of years in and been through a lot. Her body is usually dirty, and she has trouble seeing because of the dirt on her glasses. She coughs and sputters a complaint of the miles she must travel. Despite all her complaints and faults, she's always reliable and is never late for work.

Heather Snyder, '89

MY SISTER

My sister is my very best friend,
She knows everything about me and who I am,
She brings me up when I'm feeling down,
Always making me feel wanted around,
She has a personality that I truly adore,
And she spoils me rotten with her love galore,
Her name is Jodi and it's plain to see,
That she is the perfect sister, just right for me.

Denise Hendryck, '88

He's long and sleek. His curves are all in the
right places. He stands tall and straight. He has a light
brown tan all over his narrow body. He shines with all his
might. He still looks good for his age. His strings are tight
and straight. When we play, he glows like a light in the dark.
We feel good in each other's arms. We will be together for the
rest of our lives.

Malinda Sawvell, '89

HER AND ME

How come I got stuck with straight brown
hair, and she got lovely golden curls?
How come I got the crooked teeth, and
she has straight white teeth and never
wore braces?

How come I got stuck with a figure like
a marshmallow, and she looks like a
Barbie doll?

How come she has a million clothes in
all the latest styles, and I have to
wear my sister's hand-me-downs?

How come she drives a 1986 Trans-Am to
school and I have to ride the bus?

How come she goes to parties and dates
on Saturday nights, and I sit at
home and watch "The Love Boat"?

How come she's popular and I'm not?

How come she has everything I wish
I had,

Yet I'm happy, and she's not?

Chris Noel, '87

THE CEMETERY

In a cemetery during the dead of winter, the bare trees shake
in the wind, dead like all other things in this desolate wasteland.
Small animals scurry across the ground in search of any food, big or
small, fresh or stale, just enough to sustain life into another day.
The tombstones all sit, covered with snow, a faint reminder of loved
ones, or maybe the rejected, who died long ago, when their
unfulfilled future became our present. They sit there, blobs of
hard, dark granite which throw long shadows across the fluffy white
substance which completely covers the ground.

All is still, except for the wind blowing menacingly through
the bare trees and the tombstones. No other sound is present, not
even a bird's chirp to bestir your heart. The deathly quite makes

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you dream of dastardly things, such as beheadings and mutilatings, all things relevant to days gone by and days ahead.

The surroundings change wholly when you leave the graveyard. Life seems to rejuvenate instantly around you. Cars honk, voices chatter, and dogs bark as once again you join the world of the living.

Keith Hammer, '89

ALONE



My house of ice will shelter me
Self-pity will feed me
Arrogance will clothe me
Your indifference will nourish me
And I drink of the world's quite condescension
Yet, although I have all necessary
I die.
Why?

Your love melted my house of ice
I no longer need pity
You have taught me humility
And recognized my needs
I am no less than those who turned me away
Now I live—
For I am loved.

Angela Pierce, '88



JOHN

Mounted atop a sleek, coal black stallion high upon a hillock, o'er looking emerald green fields; he is a man of grandeur, loyalty, and grace. Decked in gold washed mail, helmet of silver white, and on his arm a shield emblazoned with a silver eagle on a blood red field. Upon his side there sits a sword whose hilt doth glitter of rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. Its scabbard a hard, black leather stiffened with silver wire.

Stitched upon his standard is another eagle, like that on his shield. Behind stands an army of a hundred thousand men. They are all as colorful as he. They follow with a loyalty ne'er before known to all the peoples in all the kingdom.

John, the knight, at the fore, is the man who leads them. He is a man of strong character, and strong of arm as well. Tall he is and wise, broad of shoulder and of chest, and though a warrior, still he is intelligent, charismatic, and a true leader. He leads these men to victory for he is their King.

Brian Kay, '87



BIRDS

As I walked
Along a path seldom traveled
I sensed the freedom
Of the birds,
And I began to weep.
Thinking of
The careless human
Who thrives on
Possessions and pride.
Just one day
I hope we'll be
As free as the birds
Flying in the sky.

Amy Klemme, '87



ROBBY

Harnessed, he was confused
Though only for a while.
The breaking cart easily pulled,
Unbroken.
Resting he stands, one hoof
slack,
Waiting for the end.
Next the sleigh glides smoothly
behind him,
Easily through the snow,
He has pulled before now.
An old skill picked up after a
long intermission.
Gently he is eased out of
harness,
Into the field he flies,
Gleefully...
The end has come.

Nicole Carr, '89



Pale
White, Cold,
Snow, Soft Clouds,
Winter turns to Summer.
Sun, Rough Sand,
Brown, Hot,
Tan.

Palido
Blanco, Frio,
Nieve, Nubes Suaves,
Invierno se pone a Verano.
Sol, Arena Aspera,
Moreno, Caliente,
Bronceado.

Michelle Petersen, '87

THE SAIL BOAT

With her huge canvas sails and her wooden but sturdy deck, she will tackle and conquer the treacherous waves of the deep, blue sea without fear. The huge triangular shaped masts carry her swiftly over the foaming crests of the waves. Although she has an engine room, the tough, durable material of her sails catch the wind and glide her briskly over the ocean. Though you must leave her, she is always surrounded by her family in the sea and her home off the shore.

Carrie Iverson, '89

LIFE



Life
is
forever
excruciating

Because



Love
is
forever
ending.

Amy Klemme, '87

WHAT LOVE LEAVES BEHIND

There she was ahead of me.
I knew it was over.
My eyes blurring, I cannot see.
I reached for my ring.
As a tear trickled off my cheek
My body was numb and weak.
Though the memories would remain
We'd be so far from one another
For she would be in heaven
And I here, would remember her forever,
The way I'd want it to be,
If we were still together.
I put the rose on her casket
And wiped the tears away.
I knew it was over,
But part of me would be with
her forever.

Devin Warner, '87

L-iving
I-n
F-reedom
E-verywhere.

Joey Reese, '88



LOVE



bears all things,
believes all things,
hopes all things,
endures all things.

♥ — — LOVE — — ♥

never fails.



CHERISH

Deep inside
I try to hide
My deepest thoughts.
The thoughts of
A true love
With whom I reach great heights.
It's etched in my heart
And never will part
With my body, soul, or mind.
Remember this
With each kiss,
For when I'm gone you'll find

No one else
Who will cherish
You more than I?

Amy Klemme, '87

CHICAGO

As I rest on the hard olive-green park bench, after a long day of sightseeing, many things catch my eye. Watertown Park in Chicago is definitely an animated place.

I can see cars, colorful and expensive, crawling along in lunch hour traffic. Their honking horns and revving engines seem to fall into a methodical rhythm. The brightly colored traffic lights flash and change constantly as to prevent the cars from leaving their intersection.

The trees enclosing one-half of this park envelop it in a smell of sweet freshness rather than the odoriferous exhaust. They block out the view of the tall majestic skyscrapers, and almost produce the effect of a downtown oasis.

Cutting through the trees, though, is the ever popular scent of food stands and restaurants. The smells of hot dogs, burgers, or flavored popcorn linger through the crowd and tempt the hungry shoppers to feast upon them.

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Behind me, pecking at the ground, sit a numerous amount of city dwelling pigeons disturbing all passersby. The birds even tease the children enough to make them chase clumsily after them around the park. The kids squeal and giggle while pursuing these beasts.

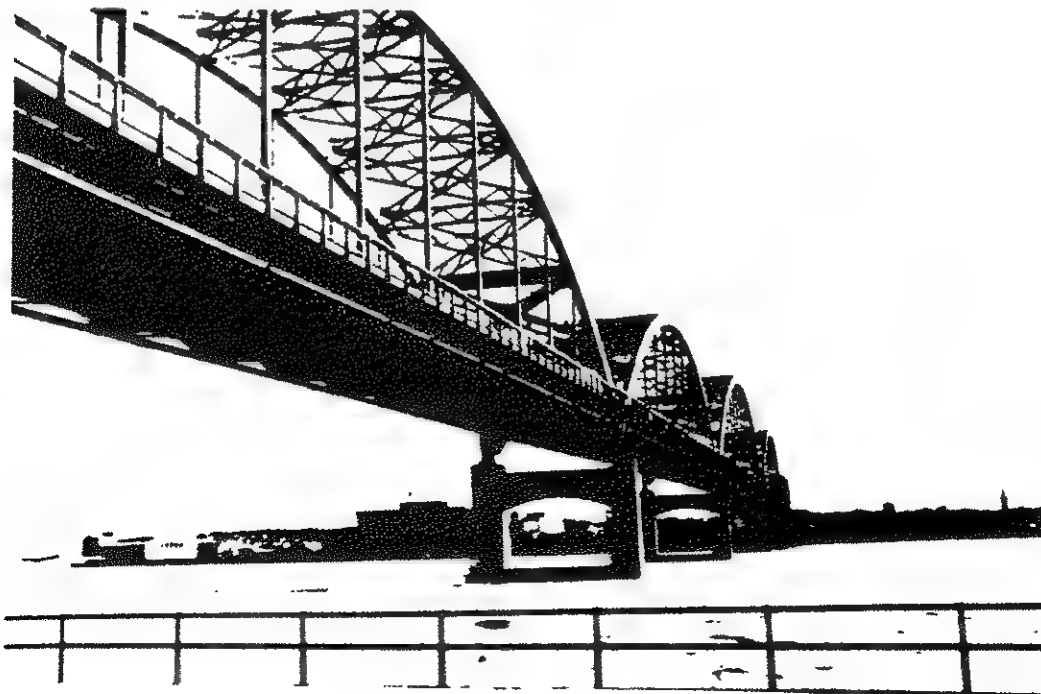
Playing near the memorial statue is a black street band. Banging away on their steel drums, they show much enthusiasm in their reggae style music. Many people trotting by stop to enjoy this new kind of music.

With their sound ringing in the air, I start to notice all the interesting people. Some talk quietly enough to appear as mimes, while others hold hands and walk. A few wait for a bus or taxi to carry them elsewhere in the metropolitan area. Many shop or window shop in the long row of exclusive, expensive, and extraordinary stores like Marshall Fields, Gucci, or Saks Fifth Avenue. The mannequins pose showing off mink jackets, alligator skin boots and purses, and other designer clothes. You could just stare in amazement all day!

The one person my conscious mind focuses in on happens to be a vagrant. His filthy garb consists of black boots, dirty green pants, and a raggedy shirt, half of which is hanging out. While talking to himself and shouting obscenities at people, he creates quite a commotion. The people walking by try to ignore him but the rude bum proceeds to annoy and insult them. The bum then jaywalks across traffic and all becomes normal again.

Chicago is a city of perpetual motion. Variety is its middle name. That's why I love it.

Curt Whisler, '89



Todd Endorf '86

CURTAIN

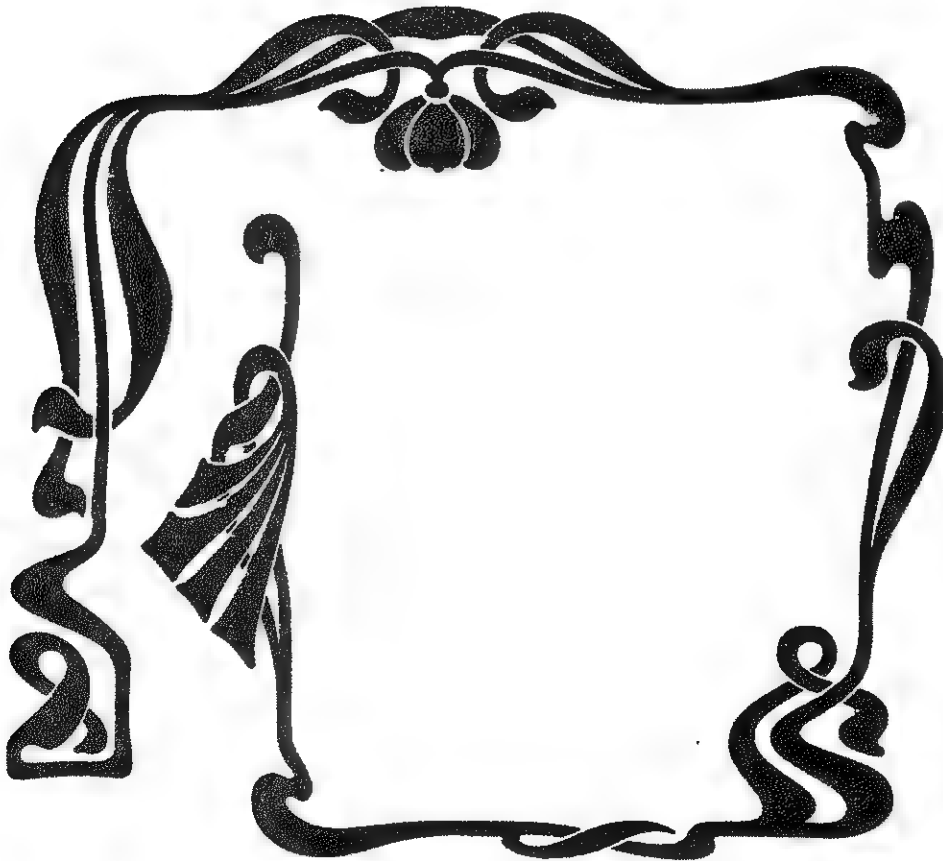
He stands on the stage - solo
An empty house reflects failures that
burn with fatality
Dreams disappear in their smoke
His make-up melts with bitter tears
And a spotlight screams with laughter

A gun shot sounds...

(Slowly, the lights fade to darkness, save
one spotlight on his motionless body. Then,
finally, it too fades.)

CURTAIN

Kyle Hall, '87



LADIES

Here's to you, Lady Lancers
We knew from the start,
From the very beginning
You captured our heart.

You have talent and grace
And move with such style,
You're the very best team
I've seen for a while.

So keep up your defenses
And stay looking real great,
You ladies will do it this year
And be first in the state.

Kim McBride, '87

SHARK IN THE NIGHT

So swiftly she runs through the velvety dark night,
Her forehead pronouncing her truest height.
Two round eyes enable her to see
As she wears a large smile.
With a purish hum made as she talks,
She'll slide through a curve with the slightest of balk.
This shark's teeth are as bright as can be,
And a hand extends so her brain can see.
Her brain, that is, the one who she says, "Controls me."
She has a fin in the back that adds to her appearance.
Inside her being you'll find eight main organs in a V-form,
With capillaries and veins far from the norm.
To turn her limbs with so much speed,
All of her power is used indeed.
Yellow gills in the front by her eyes,
And a pointed nose bearing her name
Are also some of her features that add to her clever
disguise.
And her name is as awesome as her appearance:
Bold, simple, and great -
Porsche: 928.

Todd Endorf, '86

A NEW HOME

In the corner of the cage I stayed curled tight,
To see all the others was quite a sight.

Up until now I dreaded this day,
But moving time had come, and my owner went away.

I was put in the back and nobody could see,
Just how cute this furball could be.

I wished a new owner would be found,
Because I was getting tired of the pound.

Then two came but had a look of no luck,
Until they neared my cage...then they ducked,

To see what was behind the door,
I found I was what they were looking for.

Leah Lahann, '87



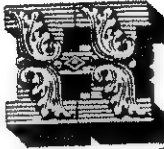
right and early it awakens.
It is the first in the house to get up.
It feels very proud to be so punctual,
and to have such responsibility. All
night it stays up waiting for the time
its owner has set it for. Then, without
fail, it sends its signal throughout
the room waking up all who are in it.

Jay Olson, '89

STAB

I've got a knife that's smooth and sharp,
And soon you'll hear the angels strumming the harp.
I'll cut you to pieces and put you in a bag;
At half mast is where they'll fly the flag.
It will be talked about and in the news,
And how I've got totally loose screws,
Yes, I'll backstab you and give you a shove,
Unless you give me what I thrive on - love.

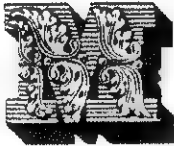
Dan Hyer, '87



BURIED ALIVE

Here I lie in a pine box six feet under.
I call for help.
No one answers.
Only the sounds of worms greet my ears;
Here I die in a pine box six feet under.

Here I decay in a pine box six feet under.
In this dismal dungeon I sense
The roots of trees waiting around me
For a taste of my flesh.
Here I pray for peace in a pine box six feet under.



My prayers go unanswered.

Brian Granger, '87

SAY GOODBYE TO YESTERDAY

What is done is done,
But your life has yet begun.
Don't dwell on the past;
Just make today last
And have fun and frolic in the sun.

Michele Meyer, '86

THE OLD MEMORIES

The farmhouse stood back far from the highway with its aging white paint and its special forgotten past.

The car crept up the long narrow lane that lead to the rickety house. I suddenly heard cows and birds chirping even though they weren't in sight.

I stiffly and slowly walked up the lonely sidewalk. I stepped up onto the antique porch, and my grandma's rocky chair swayed back and forth gently in the moderate breeze. I opened the squeaky screen door and let it slam shut. I suddenly flashed back hearing my grandma saying, "Don't slam the door, shut it!" I also recalled she was very stern but still having that twinkle of happiness in her eyes. She couldn't move very fast, and her body was limp with age. That never stopped her. She had worked from dawn to dusk keeping the farm in shape ever since Grandpa died three years ago. It always appeared that when he died half of her went with him. I chuckled to myself and entered the still kitchen.

Nothing appeared to have changed, the appliances and furniture seemed to be in place. There were a few cobwebs. On everything I touched I could feel and smell dust. That was to be expected.

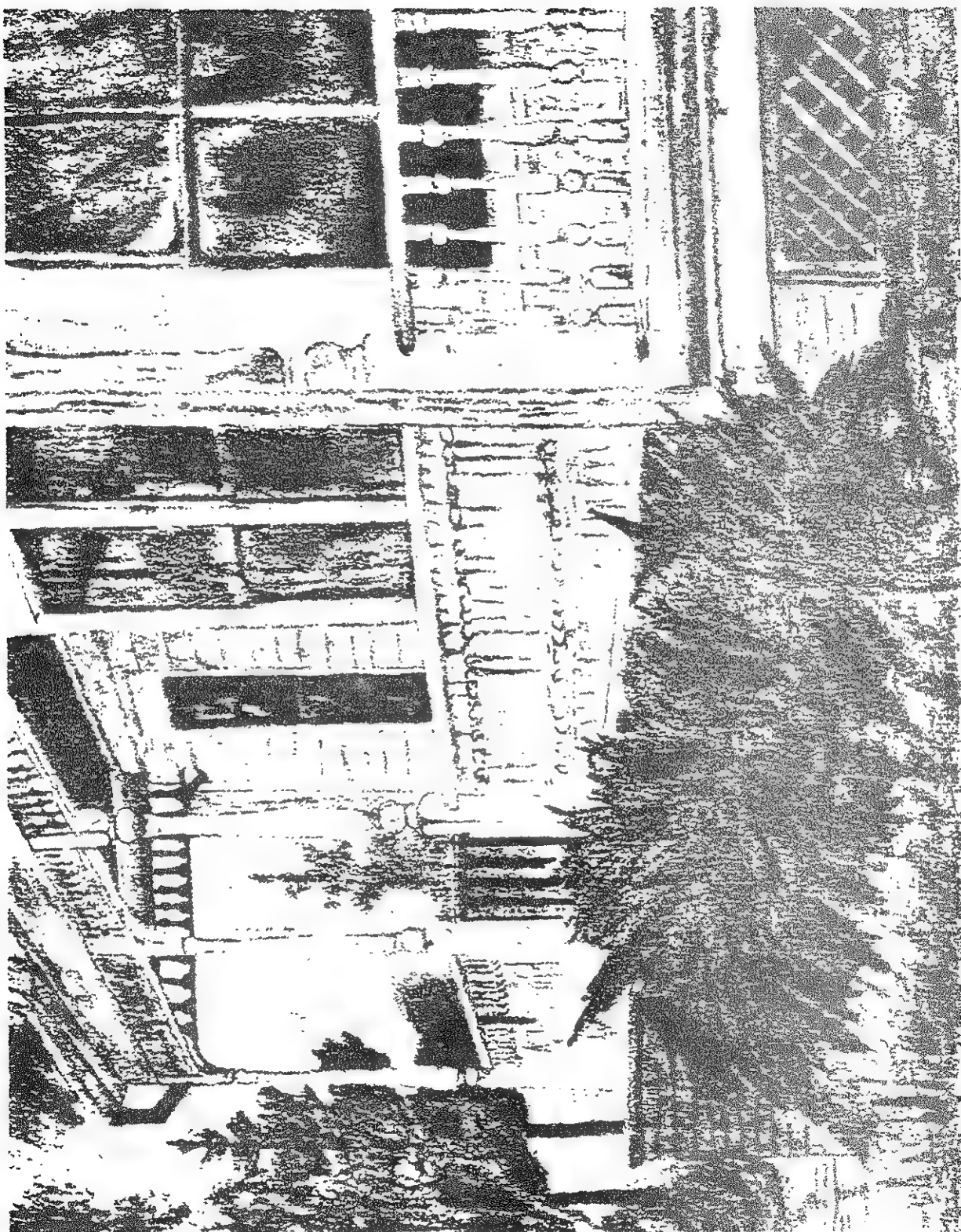
Next, I started down the basement stairs. They seemed steeper. I guess it was me getting older. The basement still had its terrible musty odor and ugly green walls.

I looked over the whole dusty neglected house and found everything accounted for. I then turned and retreated.

As I was stepping down the aged porch steps, I realized I'd never see my kind, stern grandparents, or the old farmhouse that held generations of soon forgotten secrets again.

I guess the house was ready for the auction the next day. I will always remember my special life on the small farm.

Korene Wylie, '89



Clint Balsar '87

SECRETS

As I walk through the woods, the wind
blows lightly.
I hear talking, whispering, laughing.
I stop,
Look around.
But it was only the trees
Telling secrets.

Michele Meyer, '86

Baby,
Little, Helpless,
Grows, Child, Play,
Toys, Candy, Telephone, Talk,
Adolescent, Girl, Boy,
School, Job,
Adult.

Bebe
Requeno, Desamparado
Crece, Nino, Juega,
Juegetes, Dulces, Telefono, Habla,
Adolecente, Chica, Chico
Colegio, Trabajo,
Adulto.

Michelle Petersen, '87



DEATH BY MISUNDERSTANDING

The door slammed hard behind her.
Words echoed in her mind.
Why was it so hard to say
Something not harsh-but kind?
It always was like this -
Questioning, crying, pain.
How much more could each handle?
Nothing new was ever gained.
High expectations, emotions stirred around.
She wanted to be just like her
But that was never found.
Tears were shed over lies, mistrust
When in fact it wasn't true.
It was non-communication
That caused death between the two.
When she pulled the trigger
Death replaced her sorrows.
But for her as for many others
There will be no happy tomorrows.

Jamie Hansen, '87



ome joy is the feeling you get when you know someone cares about you. There is no finer feeling in the world. Just having someone care enough to ask how your day was and really care, someone wanting to listen to what you have to say brings a feeling of joy. It can really make someone feel good inside if you give them that little bit and say hello, or if it looks as if something's bothering them taking time to ask what it is. People really appreciate it and feel joyful just because someone cares. Joy is the greatest feeling in the world and should be treasured.

Michelle Easton, '89

TEDDY

There was a little teddy bear
who really loved to smile,
A little girl did really care
about this little bear.

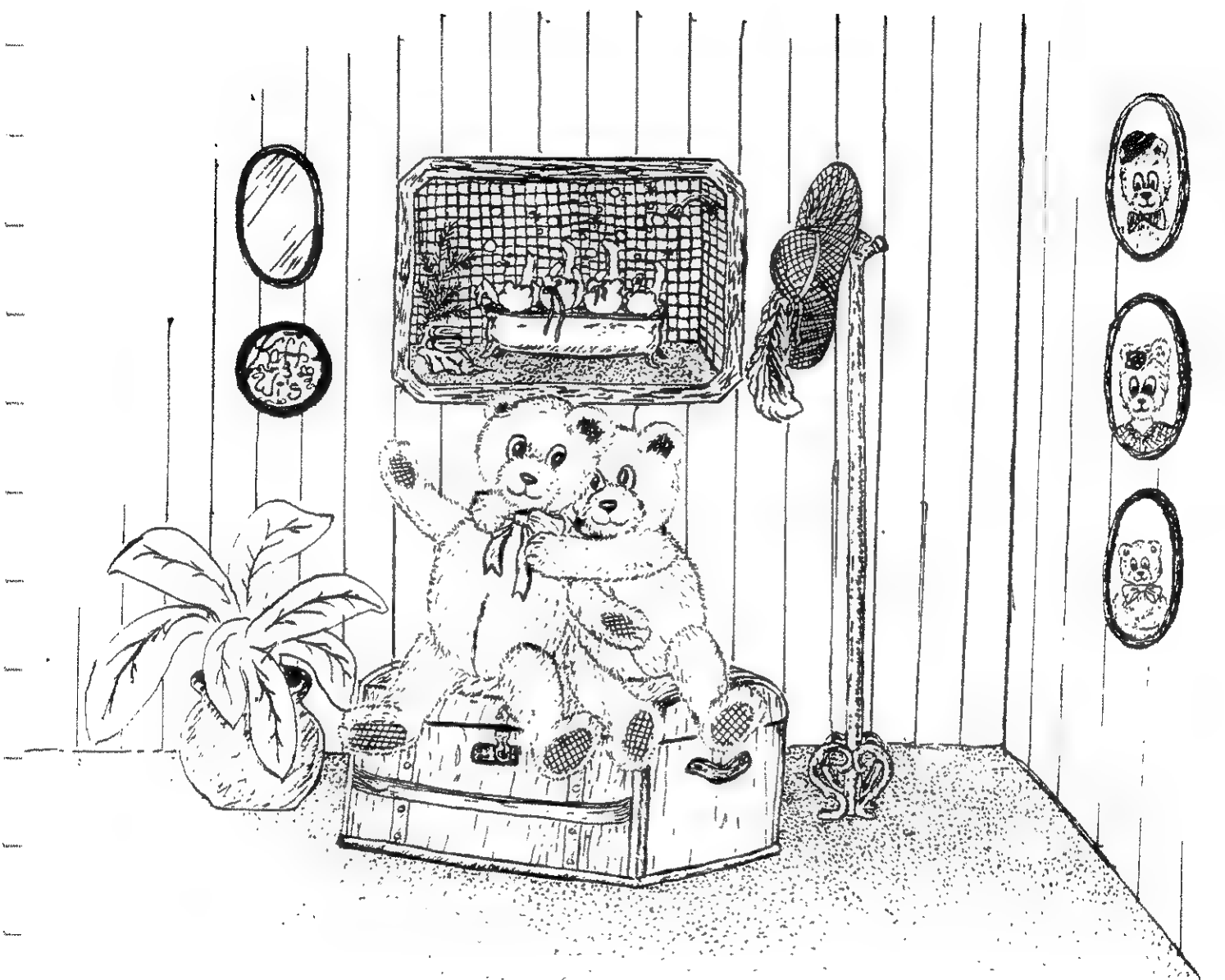
This little bear went everywhere
with this little girl,
One day he got a little tear
while following here and there.

She carried him by his little paw
through the dirty woods,
When home they arrived - OH! she saw
the tear on his little paw.

She cried and tried to fix it up
but she could not manage it,
So she held the thread in the cup
as Mommy fixed him up.

That night in bed she held him tight
for she knew he would protect her,
As teddy dreamed of all the night
of what tomorrow held in sight.

Rochelle Claude, '87



Lisa Nash '88

I would rather write than draw
Because what I sometimes see
Isn't exactly what I'd like
My hand to perceive it to be.

Take for example, some water
In a sunny swimming pool—
It would be rather hard to draw
That water as warmed, not cool.

A picture may paint a thousand words—
With that I won't disagree
But when it comes to interpreting artwork,
Words are easier to "read".

Angela Pierce, '88



QUARTER HORSE

The quarter horse is great
for the quarter mile.
Flying down the track...
around the bend at fast speed,
Floating on the wind, like a
piece of cotton.
Coming into first position,
Attaining the maximum.
Bursting, legs flailing, flying
down the straightaway,
To become number one.
As he reaches the finish,
His bright coat drenched with sweat,
He prances; he is number one -
Only a four year old.

Nicole Carr, '89



ATTACK OF THE KILLER BOLOGNA

I woke up with a slight jar. As I fell out of bed and hit my head on the bedstand, I looked to my digital clock radio to see what time it is. OH NO!! I'm late for school! It's 8:45 A.M., and I am just getting up!! Why didn't my mother wake me up? Why didn't my alarm go off?

I hurriedly put my clothes on and rush downstairs. I then look at the calendar and decide to kill myself. It's Saturday! Since I'm already up, I decide to get something to eat. I walk to the fridge, (the real refrigerator, not William Perry) open it up, and open the meat tray. I get a pack of bologna and open it. Then, to my great surprise, all the slices of bologna jump out of the package and sprout arms and legs, and one of them jumps, lands on my leg, and bites me! I kick it off, it hits the refrigerator, and falls to the floor, crumpled and torn. The others see this, and are apparently angry. They start marching towards me, I promptly run to the knife-holder and get a butcher knife to ward them off. I swing the razor-sharp blade at them, slicing two of them in half. Only twenty-one more to kill, I think, because they came in a twenty-four slice package. I drop the knife and run to the pantry, grab a pack of matches and a can of Lysol. I light a match, hold it in front of the nozzle of the Lysol, and spray it at the bologna, creating a flame thrower of sorts. I fry all of the little suckers except two. One of them runs into the dining room, the other jumps at me in anger, and bites my left arm. I try to grab it with my right hand, but it lets go of the arm and bites my hand. I say, "I can play dirty too, you little runt!" and bite it in two. It falls to the floor, bitten to death. Now I have to catch the last one.

As I walk cautiously into the dining room, I retrieve the discarded knife, and enter the room. I look everywhere for the slice, but it is nowhere to be seen. All of a sudden, I hear a crash in the living room. I run in, to see the slice of bologna attempting to ward off my very ferocious (and also very large) cat, Mischief. One of my cat's favorite snacks is bologna, so the last slice didn't have a chance. Mischief crouched like a spring, and then pounced onto the bologna, tearing it to ribbons with his claws, then devouring it.

I hear a noise upstairs. I hope there aren't any more! I look up the stairs, and see that it is only my mom. She asks me what all the noise is, and then she notices the mess. She asks me if I have an explanation for it. I tell her the story I just told you, and she tells me that maybe we'll get to visit a nice place in Iowa City where everyone wears white, there are rubber walls, and you wear these nice suits with arms that tie together!

Les Miller, '89



Jimi.

Josh Harker '88

JOY

Joy is everywhere. Not only at Christmas but during your whole life span. Joy is being born. Joy is saying your first words or taking your first steps. It's there but you have to recognize it. Whether you know it or not, you're happy inside. Why? Most people don't know why. But if you think about it, joy is living. The happiness in your life means more than joy. It means memories. Fond great memories. Joy is around you. Open your eyes. Look around. You were created as one.

When your birthday comes around every year, do you say, "Oh you're right, sigh." in a dull voice. No, you just wait until it comes. You're anxious nobody can control you. If there's no joy in your life, you might as well die. What's the point in living if you don't have any fun. Almost every birthday is joyous in its own way. It depends on how your feelings are at that certain time. Nobody likes people who are grumpy over half the time.

When you go on your first date, you're really nervous. But inside you, you're really happy or excited. You think joyous things. That's the way your life should be. After you get something you always wanted, you wait for a couple of hours before you want to show anybody. You want to show them what you have achieved. Your life isn't just ups and downs. It's how you take life. It's how you look at life.

Jason Bauer, '89

The crowd is anxious for him to hit the stage,
The tension builds as he fills with rage.
They have waited for the moment to come,
The moment when he and the crowd become one.
It is now time so he begins to play,
It's not hard to be good when he does it every day.
He rocks the crowd and he must rock some more,
But something hits his head and he falls to the floor.
The applause goes down and then comes to a halt,
If he dies, who will be at fault?
Will it be the crowds for leaving him here?
For screaming too loud and pulling his hair?
But does it matter, for he is now done.
No, because the crowd will find another one.

Dan Hyer, '87

LOVE

Love is blind
Until you see
How much love
There is to be!

Michele Meyer, '86

MY LITTLE SISTER

My sister and I are nothing alike.
She reads a book, while I ride my bike.
She likes to frown, but I like to smile.
She sits and watches while I run the mile.
She likes to snore when I'm trying to sleep;
She won't swim in water that's cold or deep.
I like scary movies, she likes romance.
She likes to sing and I like to dance.
She likes her hair short, I like mine long.
I'm always right, and she's always wrong.
But she does love cookies, and I do too.
And we both like to find something fun to do.
One day we rode our bikes in the rain...
It was fun until her leg got a pain.
She didn't tell last time I was late,
We taught each other how to ice skate.
I love her white sweater; she wants my new jeans.
We both like chili, but we hate the beans!
So, I guess we are a little alike,
Although differences I can still see.
Maybe my sister's really all right.
Well, of course... she takes after me!

Chris Noel, '87



TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

Living in a fantasy world with a doll and a peanut butter sandwich would be fun for a while but then again I'd like to visit an imaginary country with no wars and all peace, a world with full bellies and not empty, a place where people were friends not enemies and where God created and destroyed, not a bomb.

If only a dream could become reality.

Dawn Oswald, '86



SEASON OF LOVE

Twinkling lights adorn the tree.
Shepherds fall upon their knee.
Diamond snowflakes melt on my lashes,
The fireplace glows with coals and ashes.
Carolers walk through ice and snow,
And homes are arrayed with lights aglow.
Winter air nips at your nose,
Presents are dressed in paper and bows.
The scent of baking fills the air
As gifts are made with love and care.
Boughs of holly deck the halls
While anxious shoppers fill the malls.
Elves are busy making gifts
As Santa once more checks his list.
People wish you peace and joy,
All because of a baby boy
Born in a manger long ago,
He came to let the whole world know
That no matter who you are or where you live,
Love is the best Christmas gift you can give.

Chris Noel, '87



Neal Fischer '87

"NO GOODBYES"

"Tonight we are going to leave for Georgia," she spoke softly. I could not believe it. We had been through so much and now she was leaving. For five years we had been best friends. I recalled some of my memories. Our clubs and groups, our big fight, our summer swimming fun, and the most trusted secrets within us we would hold forever.

"We can still write," she said.

"Yeah, sure." I added that I would go over tonight to say goodbye.

"O.K."

I called later and told her I would be there by 5:30, and she said to hurry because they were leaving at six. After basketball practice my mom drove me to her house.

"Ring! Ring!" I rang the doorbell again, again, and again with no answer. My best friend...we didn't even get to say goodbye.

Andrea Gale, '89

FEELINGS

I scream.
I scream aloud.
I scream with hate, anger, and love all mixed
up together.
I scream with confusion.
I scream with fright.
I cry with no reason at all.
Everything builds up inside me
until I open up,
let everything out.
I scream, cry, yell, curse, hit, and
close up again -
Until there's another time
when I let everything out.
Again.

Michele Meyer, '86

JOY

Joy is rejoicing and having fun with your friends and family and everyone. It shows when you're happy and full of glee. It's when people sing to express themselves during Christmas time.

Joy may be the time you won your first ball game, or accomplished your struggling goal that had taken you months to accomplish.

Last of all joy is the thing that makes you cry and makes you sing. Joy is a word that is so described, it will make you happy and satisfied.

Dan Tobin, '89

FRIEND

It started with a simple "hi"
The way friendships often do
I don't remember how or why
I only know it grew.

We laughed, we ran, we swam, we talked
And to the sky we gazed
We jumped, we skipped, and then we walked
Together through the days.

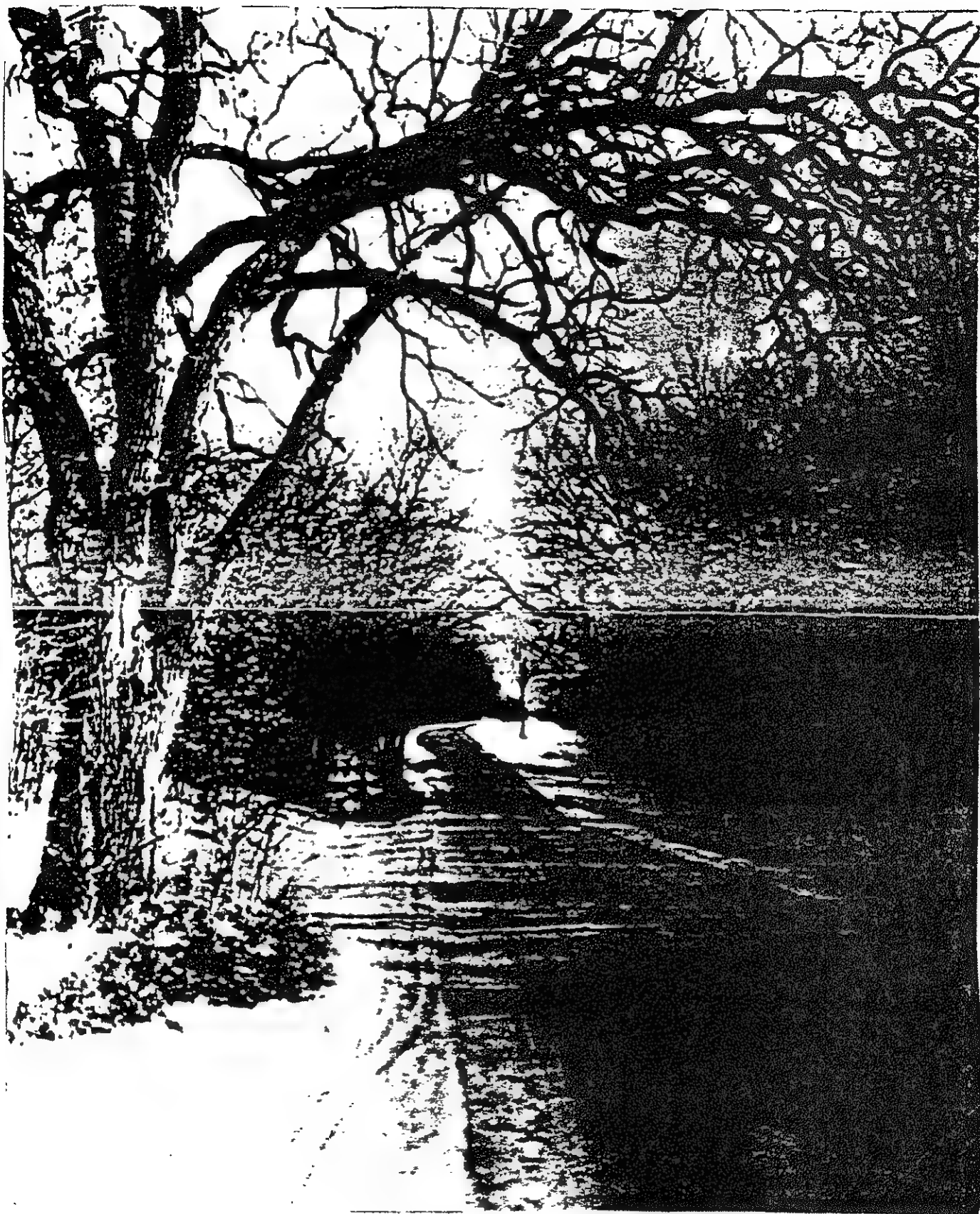
We talked about a favorite pair
Or group or favorite song;
No matter what we found to share
In the conversation it belonged.

The friendship has a special warmth
That will not let it end.
It's the kind special to us both;
Thanks for being my friend.

Leah Lahann, '87



Todd Endorf '86



Toad Endorf '66

She was long and sleek. Her tires
protruding out from each side. Her
paint was shining in the sunlight.
Just sitting, not saying anything,
she was still beautiful.

Grayson Higby, '89

LONELINESS

Some people think that loneliness is when you are
somewhere by yourself...But it's not.
Some people think that loneliness is when your boyfriend
breaks up with you...But it's not.
Some people think that loneliness is when you get
in a fight with your best friend...But it's not.
Loneliness is when you have an experience that changes
you and your friends don't accept that change.
Loneliness is when you talk to your friends but
you don't communicate with them.
Loneliness is when nobody understands you and you
can't figure out why.
Loneliness is when you don't know who your friends
are any more or if you even have any.
Loneliness is the feeling of emptiness inside you, the
feeling that nothing really matters any more.
Loneliness is me.

Bryce Amhof, '87

THE AMAZING ADVENTURE OF AN APPLE

My name is Jacques Pierre Bonaparte and I'm an apple. In fact, I'm one of those extraordinary few, a Golden Delicious. I live on a tree in a French orchard. My upper crust friends and I are waiting to be picked. I am madly in love with the apple next to me.

"Hey, baby! Wanna rub cores?"

"How gauche!" she sniffs. Then, all of a sudden, the guy below me lets out a shriek. It's Old Man Costeau! He's reaching towards me...closer...closer...and closer.

"Eeeeeeeeeek! I have been plucked!" I am brutally thrown into a basket, where I lay battered and bruised. A runny-nosed kid picks me up and plunges his scummy teeth into my flawless flesh!

Digestion is a rather unpleasant experience until my one true love also falls victim to the putrid little terror who keeps licking his upper lip. She realizes her undying love for me and we live happily ever after in the sewer.

Heather Holland, '89

FRIEND

If you ever need a friend,
I will be here until the end.
I have a lot of love to share,
I want you to see how much I care.
If you ever need someone to talk to-
You know what to do.
Just pick up the phone and call,
I will listen to it all.
I want to help you see what is right;
I will try to make everything bright.
And if you're ever feeling blue,
Just remember how much I love you.

Kerri Foster, '88



A blank stare
While touched
No feeling within
But eyes still intent
I know it's in there
Yearning to escape
So I touch him again
A smile
There's no pain, hurt, nor anger
But he cares, I know
He says they aren't there
They are
I can feel it
In his touch
He won't express what hurts him
So hurt might get him, instead
Showing of his love
But writes when he hurts
And he hurts
For he writes
Of the bittersweet moments
The problems of life
Of all that goes on
In his eyes
Maybe feelings will come
If scars are to fade
Until that time comes
I understand.

Shellie Littrel, '88

Walking on a country road.
Ambling with the dust.
I feel nothing at all. All
my feelings have rolled way
with the waves. I often
feel this way. Then I
see a family of squirrels
chattering to each other.
They are my only companions.

Kathryn Olds, '86



As the days, months, and years go by
I feel as if my friends and I
are traveling down a winding road.

Some behind, some ahead
While near the middle I do tread
Many times I go back
To help a friend remain intact.

As we travel side by side
I feel content and close my eyes.

But as they open painfully,
I see that friend ahead of me.

I am left behind again
Wishing this would all soon end.

Tara Temperly, '87

GOD TOOK HIM AWAY

We never quite understand why God
took him away.
It hurts and it's hard and the pain
Seems to stay.

It's someone we loved and feel we can't
do without.
But it's one of those things we can
do nothing about.

Why God? We ask over and over again
It just seemed to be the best thing
for him.

There will come a day when it's
our turn to go.
And we'll once again meet in the
heavens aglow.

He's gone now but we know that
God's taking good care.
Deep down inside that special
person will always be there.

Beth Kirby, '86

JOY

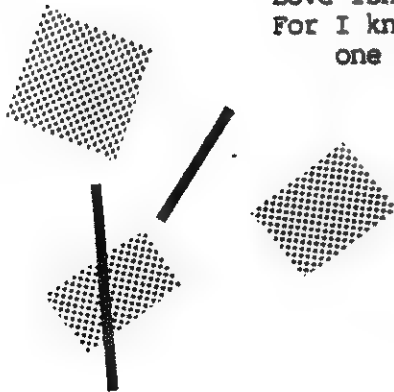
Throughout life we experience many happy times. This can be described as joy, "A very glad feeling, to rejoice." Joy usually is associated with Christmas. We feel the joy of giving and receiving gifts. We express our feelings to others as a celebration for a religious holiday. We sing, "Joy to the World" during this season of Christmas. Is that the only time we experience joy? In my opinion joy can be expressed throughout the year. Joy is taking your first step, learning to ride a bike, and losing your front teeth. As you get older, joy is learning new things, learning to drive, and being with friends. Other people help us feel joy by spreading it to others through speaking, doing, and producing love. We express that joy with laughter and love. To me, joy is expressed after every important accomplishment.

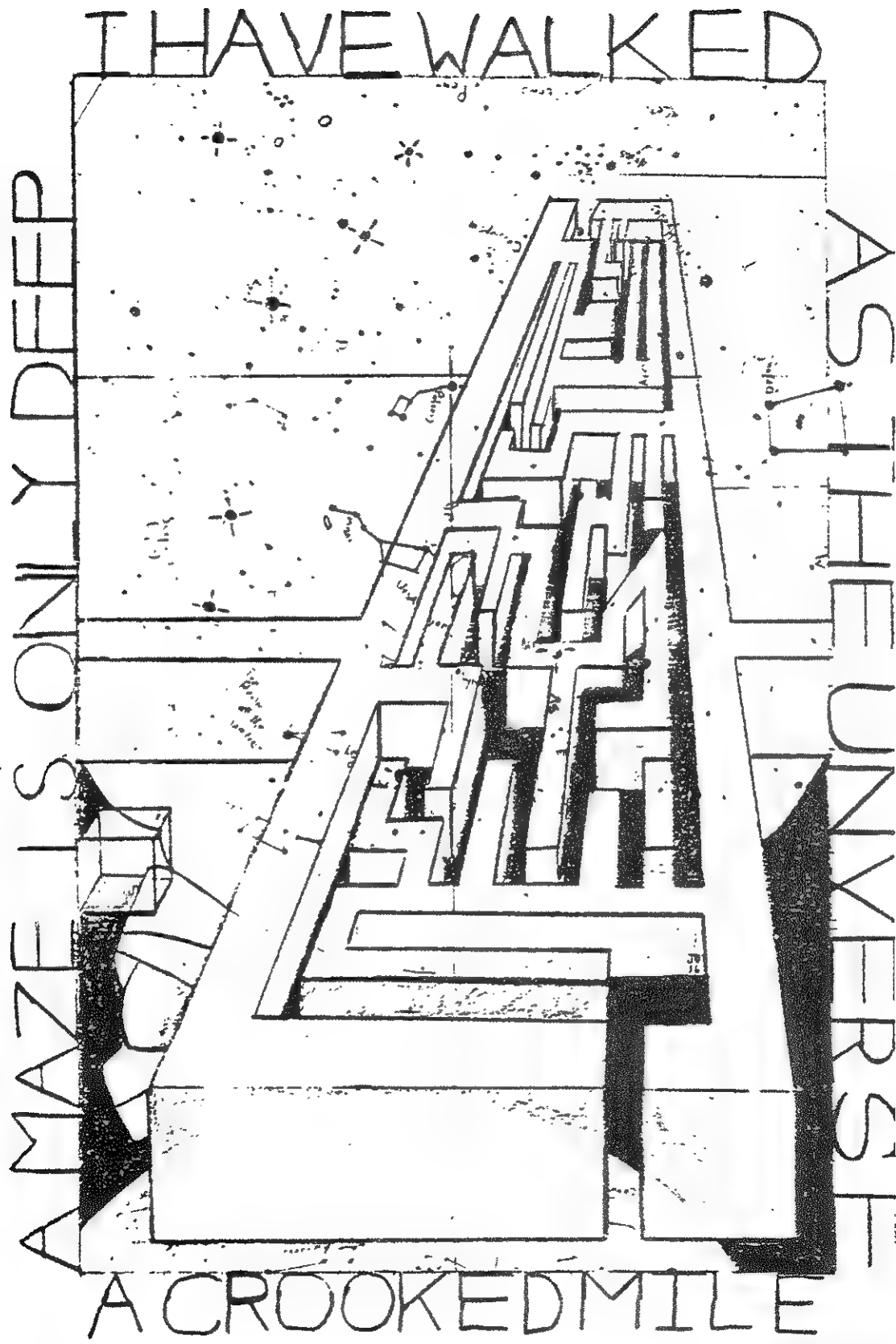
Cris Roesler, '89

LOVE'S TWO SIDES

I've been hurt by love before.
So why do I still long for more?
Love has left my heart to bleed,
Yet it's what I want and need.
Love brought pain, like a piercing knife,
But it also brought hope, and joy, and life.
Love made me laugh, it made me smile...
It made me happy for a while.
And though it didn't last forever,
I'll always remember what we shared together.
Sometimes love hurts...
 that's the price that you pay
For that special emotion
 you need every day.
Love isn't perfect, but give it a try...
For I know that without it
 one surely would die.

Chris Noel, '87





Joel Dudley '89

WAYS

When the sun's rays bounce off things
It creates a magical feeling inside of me.
I can picture myself walking beside a stream—
Not alone, but with a friend.
The sun reaches out and touches the stream.
Reflections of warmth flood over me.
My friend talks to me, so I turn to look at him.
He is already valuable to me, but is now more valuable
For the sun has turned his hair to gold.
The sun turns us into playful children,
And my friend kicks water at me.
As I look through the drops I can see
The sun with his paintbrush,
Creating a priceless masterpiece in the air.
And for a magical moment, I forget my problems
and am totally at ease.

Karen Carstensen, '87

GAMES

I know it's just a game
he plays
With rules there to break
But soon the game
will have to end
And a decision he
must make.
I watch the way
he makes his moves
Stepping forward,
stepping back
He has to learn
to choose his own
Confidence he lacks.
If you see something
You know is yours
Don't be afraid—
Open new doors
Forget what is done
Don't waste away
So you were hurt
once before
Start new - today.

Jamie Hansen, '87

THROUGH THE YEARS

Through the years,
you were there, when I had tears.
You picked me up, when I was down,
You made me feel like you wanted me around.
I'll never forget your smile,
Cause it made my days, worthwhile.
You have so much happiness, to send,
and I'm so proud, to say, you're my friend.

Lisa Loussaert, '88

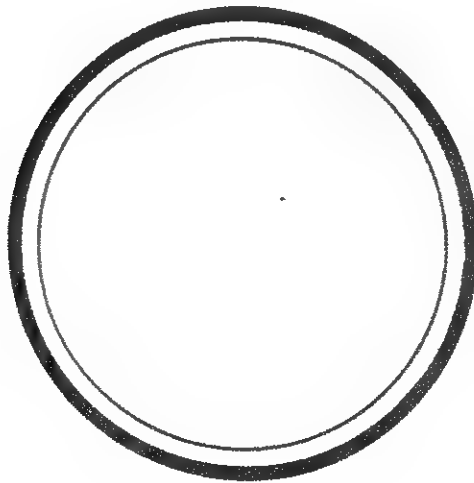
Shoji watched the blood spout from his father. His sword was dislodged from his hand as he saw the last member of his family slaughtered by the Koga clan.

With great rapidity, he drew his last throwing spike and with the full capacity of his strength threw it into the head of the attack group leader. An attacker picked up a knife and sent it whizzing at Shoji who simply caught it with superhuman speed, then thrust it into the heart of the adversary closest to him.

The last attacker, who had been lurking in the shadows burst out and accosted Shoji. The attacker, certain Shoji had not seen him coming, was surprised to find Shoji suddenly behind him, exposing his aikuchi dagger. The attacker began to climb the tree to his left when Shoji was upon him. He resolutely succumbed to his fate as the illumination of all creation made itself known to him.

Shoji had had his revenge.

John Beaudoin, '86



WORLDS

Two worlds have I
one Love, one Like.
My heart must choose
with confidence and might.

The soul I Like .
loves me I fear.
And the one I so Love
Is so far, yet so near.

My Love is so close to me
day after day;
I glow in his presence
with his flirtatious way.

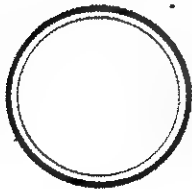
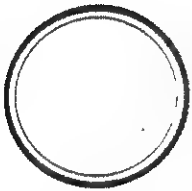
My Like on the other hand
is quiet but funny.
He tells many jokes,
just to show me his cunning.

My Love is the one
I so dearly desire,
Possessing my thoughts
like the smoke of a fire.

What will I do
with my Like and my Love?
I need divine help
from the heavens above.

He who shall win
This war of emotions,
Gains not only my soul
But my utmost devotion.

The victor shall stand
On the ashes of defeat,
And mighty, powerful is he -
His foe's loss beneath his feet.



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(continued)

And so sorry I shall be
To have started such a war,
That I'll drop to my knees
And beg for no more.

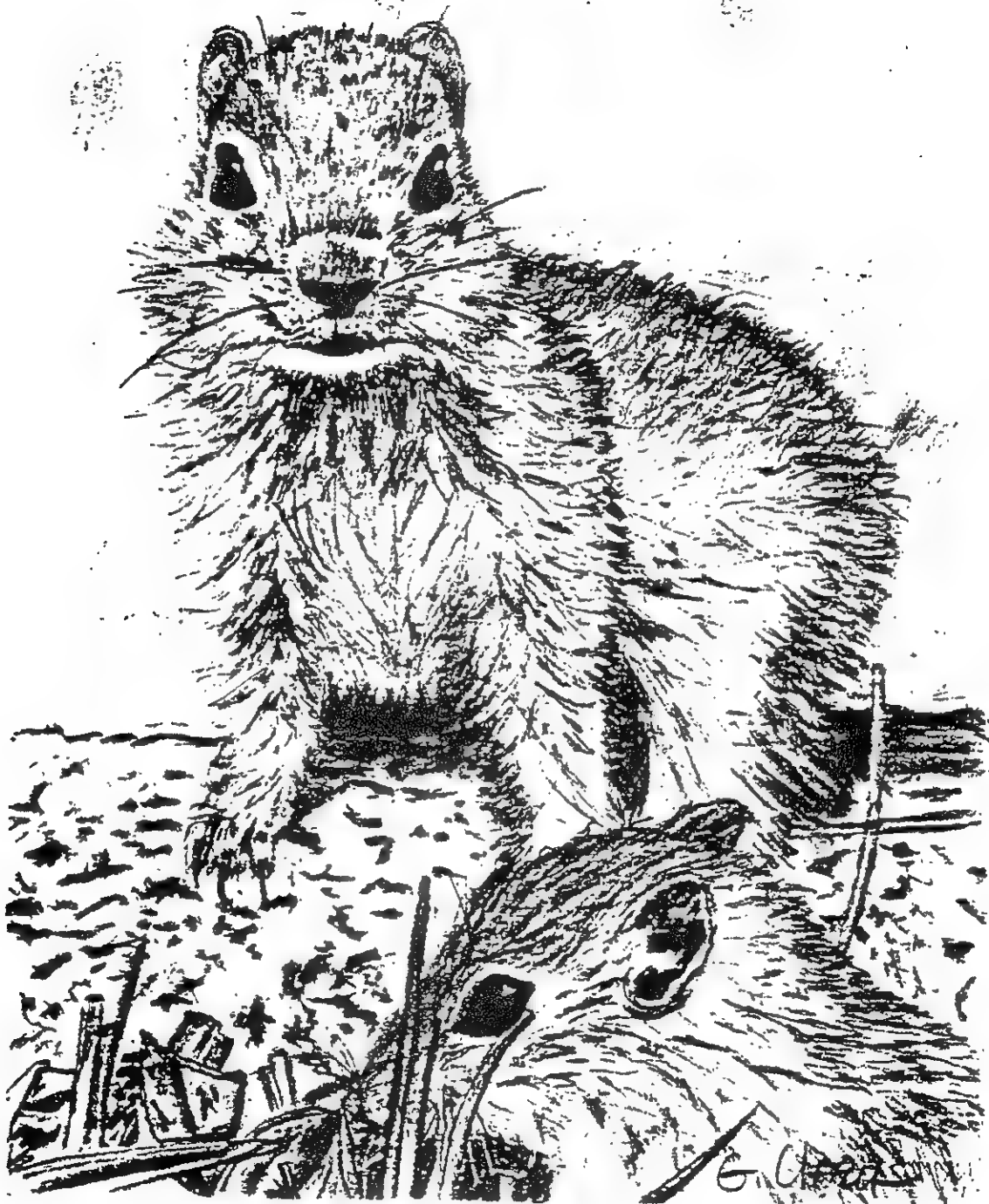
The fighting's now over;
I'm happy at last,
For my Love is the Victor -
My Like is my past.

Jenny Schwarz, '87

DISCOVERY

The pages turn
In my journal of life;
Each page reflects
On yet another strife
To discover who I am
And who I'm yet to be,
To help the world know
That who they see is really me.
Not a Cinderella
In a fairy tale,
But a real person
Who can accomplish
And who can fail.
As I read about life,
I hope to learn as you,
That to survive in our world
We need friends to guide us through.

Jamie Hansen, '87



Gwen Claeys '89

SOULS OF TOMORROW

Tomorrow they say we won't be here.
The sun will engulf us, burn us.
What will it be like tomorrow?
What will happen to me?

Everyone around me is worried and anxious.
They come up to me and say, "Is it true?"
Is it true? Is it really going to happen?
Or are they lying? But why would they?

I feel like I should do something,
But what? What can I do?
Maybe something different and exciting
Before it's time to go...where?

Where am I going? I can't go anywhere.
But what about my soul? Will it still be here?
Or will it go on to a second world?
And if it does, what will it do?

Whatever happens tomorrow my soul will still be here,
I hope.
I just wish that when tomorrow comes,
I would stay with my soul.

Bryce Amhof, '87



JOY

Joy to me is as the sun is to flowers. Because the sun warms
and lets them grow, like joy does to me.

Joy is the feeling of protection against the worst thing you
can imagine.

Joy is the feeling deep down inside you.

Gabe Schipper, '89

THE LOVE CYCLE

Being in love is different and exciting each time it happens to a person. One's first love is often referred to as "puppy love". It usually happens when the boy next door smacks you on the cheek. This puppy love will end as soon as he breaks your Barbie doll.

The next stage of love is a crush. A crush occurs when a boy in your elementary class plays footsy with you, but then dances with your best friend.

The third phase of love is an infatuation. You become infatuated with your junior high science teacher or a movie star. For weeks you eat, drink, and sleep this person. All you ever think about is this person, until you finally become sick of fantasizing.

Love at first sight, the fourth step in the love cycle, occurs regularly in high school. Being with all the new faces in a high school, you will encounter someone of the opposite sex (preferably) and believe that you have just seen the most beautiful creature on the earth. With their eyes glued to each other, they will part slowly wondering if they have found their mate for life. This love terminates once they have found out what the other person is really like.

The final phase in this cycle is true or eternal love. Love like this is hard to find and comes only once in a lifetime. This love is one that feels so right and deep, it makes you want to spend the rest of your life with this person. This is the best kind of love, and this is why we go through the love cycle, to get to the end.

Angie Baker, '87



Snow falling gently,
ceasing only to remake
the delicate patterns of nature.
Soon, the beautiful scene is turning
into a nightmare of white, forcing
us to stay indoors. Winds are howling
like a mighty evil king, who has
locked us in his dungeon, laughing
as he defeated us, once again.

Kathy Olds, '86



HER

As I wonder why I am so hated
And think of how my greatness has faded.
I pick up the gun and point it to my head,
Thinking of all the awful things that she's said.
If I pull the trigger my troubles will cease,
But they'll have to pick up my head piece by piece.
I'd give anything for her to be mine once more,
But she hates me. What else is there to live for?
She was my everyday song that I sang,
But she's gone forever as am I. Bang!

Dan Hyer, '87

CELEBRATE LIFE

Celebrate life! Live it; love it.
Dance and sing the miracle of it.
You can walk; you can talk; you can shout and sing.
You can smile; you can laugh; you can do anything!
Let's celebrate you and rejoice in me.
We've got life!
We can touch; we can learn; we can see.
So be glad in yourself and in all of creation,
Love life, for it is a celebration!

Chris Noel, '87

Maybe I'm moving way too fast.
I want this feeling to last.
All my thoughts are of you.
There's nothing else that will do.
I'd like to feel you near.
Your voice is all I hear.
Your smile is all I see,
Can it be for me?
The fun you poke with your friends hurts
me to no end.
Because I've really fallen
At night it's your name I'm callin'.
To call you on the phone just to sit and talk
Then maybe meet you somewhere for a walk.
To be with you would be so nice
To feel you kiss me once or twice.
To smile so rare
Let me know you care.

Kathryn Olds, '86

Karen
Carstensen
'87



A DOG'S SENSE

"Girls, GIRLS! Come feed the dog," cried the lady in the house.

"Mom, can you do it today?" the girls asked. SLAM, the door crashed against the hinge.

Virginia Walters stared at the dog sitting in the corner of the room. "Why did you have to come live with us anyway?" Waldo stared at Virginia with his brown sheepdog eyes. A tear fell from his face. Waldo knew she was angry. Virginia was always angry; Waldo knew why too. However, Virginia would never admit it to herself, let alone to anyone else.

Waldo crept upstairs, not making a sound and nudged Ben's door open. Ben lay on his bed sucking his thumb. Waldo rested his head on Ben's bed until Ben noticed him. Ben rolled over and patted Waldo's head. Waldo licked Ben's face lavishly until Ted pushed him away. Waldo looked at Ben with such admiration and love; love that the others didn't give him. Waldo lay down on the rug beside Ben's bed and fell asleep.

One hour later Virginia approached Ben's bedroom. Waldo lifted his head sensing someone was there. Ben lay with a terrified look in his eyes. Virginia yelled in, "Your supper is outside the door, Ben. After I go back downstairs, you can come get it." Ben stumbled to the door wondering why he could never eat with the others.

Waldo knew why. Ben was retarded and Virginia was ashamed of him. She didn't allow him to participate in family gatherings of any kind. Waldo had sensed this ever since Ben had found him. Waldo sensed something wrong in this family - the kind of sense only a dog has.

Stacey Roche, '88



Students are crowding into school;
It's Monday morning.
Everyone is thinking I must be a fool.
I could be home sleeping,
But that would be breaking a rule.
We must go to class and do some learning.
That way we can graduate and get out of this school.

Brian Garrels, '87

HUNGRY HEART

If you're ready to go but you don't hear the shot,
If you're ready to run and you know you're hot,
Feet on the line,
Fire in your eyes,
There's a hunger in your heart.
Breakin' a sweat waitin' to hear the sound,
Keep your eyes on the finish and your feet on the ground
Ability,
Determination,
There's a hunger in your heart.

Tim Retzl, '87



SLOW

He closes the door; the noises cease.
Bumbling and staggering his every word,
At his car he says aloud "I'm fine, you'll see."
When he drives, he weaves and turns;
He's slow to stop and does not care.
He's slow to see until he hears
The thud and cries of those once alive.
And I am SADD, and wonder why,
Why do the innocent have to die?

Randy Fitzgerald, '87



It had been two weeks since the funeral but Ariane thought about Tony a lot. He had been thinking about making a will but never got around to it. He was young and strong and didn't think of death. Besides, planes are the safest way to travel, right? Ariane let out a small laugh. She was in charge now, and she was going to take care of herself and the baby, and keep up the chicken farm. Oh, how Tony loved his chickens!

Ariane stood up and walked to where Jeffey, her and Tony's year-old baby was playing and gently lifted just under the raised arms. Jeffey squealed "Da da!"

"I'm mama, remember me?" Ariane asked Jeffey as she tickled him. She set him down in his playpen and set his toys in with him.

"Well, kid, it looks like we're havin' chicken. You be a good boy and play while mommy goes out and gets the bird, " Ariane's last words were lost as she grabbed her jacket and closed the door.

"Here chicky, chicky. One of you has the honor of dining with us. How 'bout you?" she muttered as she grabbed Tweets, one of Tony's favorites. Tony and his animals, he loved them all, a regular Dr. Doolittle.

A shiver went through Ariane's spine as she set Tweets down. She hoped she'd run away, only to find Tweets followed her past the rotted stump and behind the barn. Wondering if she could do the job, Ariane grabbed the ax just as a fireman would. Tweets cooed at the ax. Tony always said animals could sense their death.

Ariane lifted a half log that had been cut by Tony. She threw it on the ground; it landed with the rounded side up. She thought of killing an animal. Yuck! She took hold of Tweet's wings behind her back which made Tweets lay her long neck across the executioner's block. Her thin right arm raised the ax high. Ariane's head was filled with thoughts of Tony and the baby as she brought the ax down quickly. A single tear was shed as three drops of Tweet's blood splattered on her face, but tonight they would eat.

Celeste Lorenz, '87



I was cleaning off my shelf
Like I once cleaned out my heart.
I came across your picture;
It caused memories to start.

Memories, not feelings
For you, my heart's asleep.
The giant fist that clutched it once
Released the hurt, so deep.

It's been awhile since then;
I'm over you by now.
I had to learn to trust again;
I had forgotten how.

I'll put your picture back in place
Between the pages of my mind,
And forever leave you as you once left me
So very far behind.

Lisa Kundel, '88



PEER PRESSURE

He came at first only to warm himself
But the flames danced hypnotic
They begged him to taste their fire
And for a second, he wanted nothing more
than to jump.
For one, brief, shining moment...

He turned and ran
It was getting dark
And children shouldn't play with fire.

Kyle Hall, '87

WRITER'S BLOCK

...A blank page
So many possibilities
So few ideas
A blank page...

Kyle Hall, '87



INRI

I met a hippie in the street
Who gave his head a nod
He shook my hand and smiled
As he told me he was God.

I knew he was a lunatic
A menace to the town
So I spit into his face
And I knocked him to the ground.

I tore my belt off from my pants
And whipped his shirtless back
Forty some odd times
He felt that leather crack.

And though he'd done me no real harm
He'd told a wicked lie
So I shot him in the back
And I prayed for him to die.

I stayed to watch him bleed awhile
No fear for what I'd done
Not knowing I had crucified
The Holy Father's son.

I never shall forget
What his last word was
"Father, please forgive him
For he knows not what he does."

Kyle Hall, '87

THE BOTTLE

It loomed up before them twelve feet long, twenty feet in the air and grinning. It had a broad chest and huge shoulders like those of oxen. It flew with bat's wings, its tail, spikes glinting in the sun, lolled in the air. It had long teeth, yellowed with age, and long sharp horns. In its gnarled hands it held two weapons, both quite wicked looking. It smelled of sulfur, rotted blood, and death. It looked down upon us and spat, its spittle acting like strong acid wherever it hit.

Dandron struck first and suddenly, loosing a volley of arrows, some of which stuck the rest, bouncing harmlessly off its hard, ugly body. It swooped toward him and at that moment the wizard struck, the blast ripping deeply into its flesh. It screeched, now trying to flee. It was too close to the barbarian who took the opportunity to lop off its head. The body of the demon landed hard upon the ground.

Now all that lay before us was the treasure, and fame.

Brian Kay, '87



Neal Fischer '87

"HAUTE COUTURE"

Just when you think your clothes are "in"
And feel so very in style
Everything goes and changes again
Adding more to your goodwill pile.

Then you decide to try once more
For this moment you've waited and waited
The very second you walk in the door
Your boyfriend says "I hate it!!"

Angela Pierce, '88



He has been held for many reasons, by many people. Some for warmth, for enjoyment, to look good, to be put away in the dark, or thrown in the water. He is usually very plump and short. He has only one arm. He can't move at all because he has no feet. He must be lifted. He has touched your lips thousands of times and you enjoy the taste he gives. It is usually sweet. You are very careful when you handle him for he is delicate so be gentle, please.

Robin Thomsen, '89

SNOW

"Does snow always fall straight down? I think not," said the owl to Mrs. Rabbit. "For instance, when the wind blows, it carries the snow to the ground at an angle."

"Then why," Mrs. Rabbit asked, "does all of the ground get covered? It seems to me that if the snow fell at an angle, say to the left, that there should be grass to the right of the snow for me to eat. Don't you agree, Mr. Owl?"

"Mrs. Rabbit, you may have a point there. Tomorrow when it snows I will investigate."

"But how can you be sure it will snow tomorrow?", Mrs. Rabbit asked.

The wise old owl winked one eye at Mrs. Rabbit then smiled and said, "Mrs. Rabbit, owls know many things." Then Mr. Owl slowly turned and went back into the hole in his tree and went back to sleep.

"Good-bye, Mr. Owl," Mrs. Rabbit said as she hopped away.

The next day the snow began to fall. Mr. Owl woke from his sleep as the cool air brought tiny flakes of snow in his home and dropped them on him. Slowly, he walked out onto the limb of the huge, old tree. Noticing that the snow was being carried to the south, he spread his wings and flew into the snow and light wind. Mr. Owl flew and flew, but did not find any grass for Mrs. Rabbit to eat. As the day grew, the snow slowed until it stopped completely. Mr. Owl did not find any grass, but he still knew he must return. He was very tired. So, Mr. Owl flew back to his tree.

That night Mrs. Rabbit returned for an answer.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Rabbit, but I did try. I'm afraid there just isn't any grass in the winter."

"But where does it go? Does it go south with the birds?", Mrs. Rabbit asked.

"Perhaps, Mrs. Rabbit, but I haven't time to find out tonight. Tonight I must find something for me to eat."

Terri Weatherwax, '87





Kenny Clark '87

LANCER RAP

Coach
Harris

They call me Coach Harris,
I'm the coach of this team
I'm a whole lot nicer,
Than it may seem.

Well, I'd like to pause now,
If we could,
Here's my right hand man,
It's...Coach Wood.

Coach
Wood

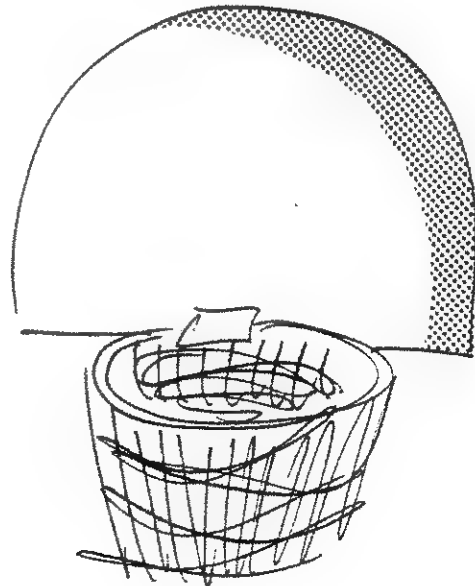
Well I'm the J.V. Coach,
I know my way around,
I used to coach the girls,
I have a good background.

As you probably know,
This is my very first year,
But you can count on me,
No need to fear.

Mike
Busch

Well, they call me Busch,
Same as the beer,
When I shoot my J,
Everyone will cheer.

The whole crowd will rise,
To their feet,
'Cause everyone's jammin',
To the mighty Busch beat.



(continued)

Tim
Albers

They call me Gunner,
I'll shoot from anywhere,
I can see it in your eyes,
I can tell you're scared.

I got a really sweet shot,
Or so it seems,
I never miss,
If you know what I mean.

Doug
Hinkle

My name is Hink,
And I run the show,
They kick it out to me,
And away we go.

I like to play O,
But I'm best on D,
It is no doubt,
My specialty.

Rod
McFate

I'm Rodney Ray,
They call me blood,
Try to make me,
If you think you're tough.

I like to run and gun,
And hit the boards,
And when I shoot my J,
It rips the cords.

Wendell
Wuestenberg

They call me Wendy,
And that's fact man,
I can play the 5-spot,
Like no else can.

6 foot 5,
With a curly head of hair,
When I shoot the ball,
You better beware.

(continued)

Bill
Crafts

My name is Billy,
I back up Hink,
I'm a whole lot better,
Than you might think.

Well I can shoot or pass,
Put it on the floor,
Everytime I touch the ball,
There-two points more!

Jack
Blong

I'm next in line,
So I'll step up now,
I don't like to shoot from short,
I like to shoot from downtown.

When Gunner's out of the game,
I pick up the slack,
Oh yeah, by the way,
They call me Jack.

Kenton
Birtell

My name is Kenton Birtell,
But they call me "K",
If you shoot the ball,
I just swat it away.

I don't pass very much,
I love to shoot the ball,
I back up Wendell & Mike,
And I sure ain't small.

Todd
McGhghy

My name is Todd,
But they call me Mac,
I'm one bad dude,
Don't give me no crap.

I'll break your legs,
If you call me Geek,
I'll take you one on one,
Any day of the week.

(continued)

Mark
Tobin

They call me Tobs,
But Mark's the name,
I'll take the charge,
If you drive down the lane.

I play power forward,
Though I'm not very tall,
But I got a lot of guts,
And I love basketball.

Dan
Hyer

They tell me I'm quick,
Which I am no doubt,
Come on and try to take me,
If you want to find out.

They say I'm fast,
And I agree that's neat,
But I can dribble with the best,
And my J is really sweet.

Dale
Schnoor

My name is Dale,
As in Schnoor,
And when I'm playin' b-ball,
They yell for more.

I like to keep it cool,
I'm not too fancy,
I leave that to Danny,
Dave, Eric, and Sammy.

Eric
Yetter

The name is Eric J.,
I'm new on the scene,
I'm a well oiled, well tuned,
Shooting machine.

I'm from the Hoosier State,
I got a curly little fro,
And when I'm playing b-ball,
I'm a one-man show.

(continued)

Dave
Martel

I'm one of a kind,
A class of my own,
I can play with Doc,
Magic or Malone.

I never let up,
And I show no pity,
Got millions of moves,
And they all look pretty.

Sam
Lynn

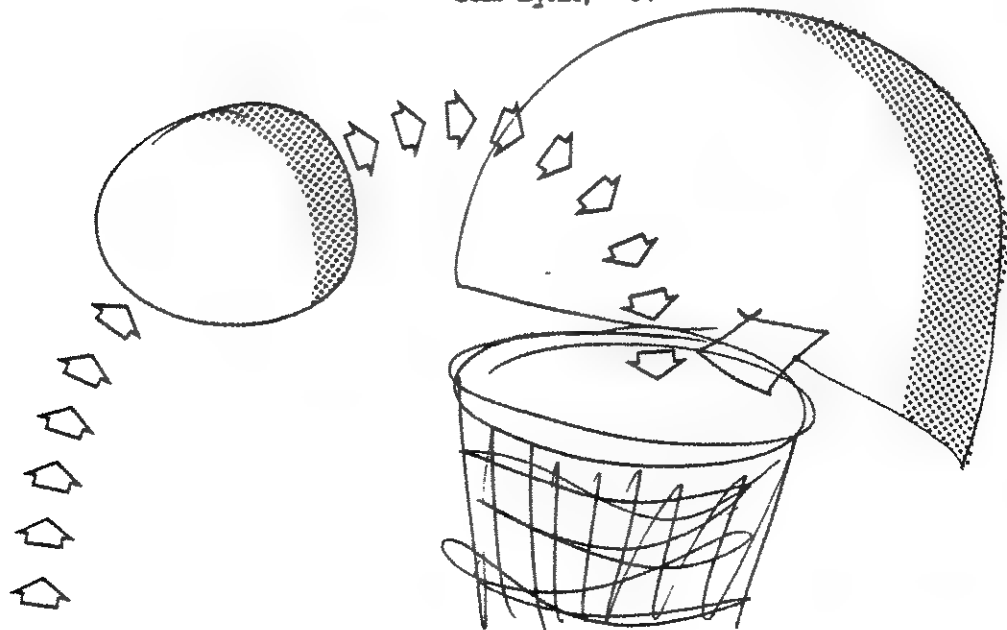
My name is Sammy,
I love the fast break,
I love to stop and pop,
I love to shake and bake.

Sit back and watch,
Let me do my thing,
Like Jordan, Isaiah,
And Bernard King.

I hate to have to say it,
But we are done,
Lancer Rap is over,
But we really had fun.

How we do the rest of the season,
Remains a mystery,
And now Lancer Rap,
Is history.

Sam Lynn, '87



THE DORKS OF HAZSARD

YOU MUST HAVE BEEN JUST
HATCHED IF YOU BELIEVE THIS!!

CHARACTERS

<> <> <> <> <>

BOO DORK

LUCK DORK

DIZZY DORK

UNCLE J.C.

COOTIES

BOHRSONN TWINS

ROSCOE COAL-TRAIN

ANNOUNCER (HAZSARD COUNTY RACEWAY)

DIRECTOR (DORKS OF HAZSARD)

ANNOUNCER: There's Boo and Luck Dork in the General Sherman about to try for the world's record in car jumping. They will attempt to jump four cars, two semis, three tractors, twenty-seven lawnmowers, two henhouses, 400 little children, three flashers, 3,397-OOPS! -3,398 rabbits, twelve chickens, an aircraft carrier, and thirty-two rolls of toilet paper!

INSIDE THE CAR

BOO: Do you think we'll make it?

LUCK: Of course we will! If we don't, we'll do it over again and the editors will splice it in!

BOO: Oh, yeah.

ANNOUNCER: And here they go! They're picking up speed, 20, 30, 40, 60, 80, 100, 120, 140, 200, 300, 500, 900, 1200, OOPS!! I got a little excited. They're on the ramp, and there they go!!

INSIDE THE CAR

BOO: YEEHAAAHH!!!!

LUCK: Why do you always do that? Is it the joy of success?

BOO: No, in a scream of pain!!

ANNOUNCER: They've landed, and they only hit forty-seven little kids!! It's a new world record!!

(continued)

AFTER THE JUMP

BOO: Uncle J.C., wasn't that a great jump I did?
LUCK: You did?! Without me, you couldn't have done it!!
BOO: Luck, you couldn't jump a car over the grand canyon!!
LUCK: So, you haven't ever jumped a car into orbit before,
either!!
FIGHT: SMASH, BOOM!! PUNCH &*#!!?)/-%+ OUCH!! SMASH, WAMM
BOOM SMUDGE, CRASH, BOO!! SMACK! KICK
UNCLE J.C.'S GUN: BBBBOOMMMMMM
UNCLE J.C.: Now you boys quit fightin right now!! You wasn't
even doin it right, Boo! The first punch should have been
an uppercut, not a right cross you dummy!!
DIRECTOR: CUT!! Dorks of Hazzard, take twenty-four!
Roll'em!!
BOO: Uncle J.C., wasn't that a great jump I did....etc.
SIREN: WHEEEEEEEEEEE, WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
BOO: Oh, no! It's Roskoe!!
LUCK: Let's go! I hope Roskoe doesn't catch us!!
GENERAL SHERMAN: Cough, sputter, choke, die.
BOO: Oh, no! Something in the General's engine just blew up!

PULLED OVER, HOOD UP

LUCK: Hey Boo, do you know where Uncle J.C. put my Little
Jimmy carburetor kit? You know, the one with the little
plastic screwdrivers?
BOO: Yeah, it's in the trunk.
LUCK: Thanks, Boo.

LOOKING AT ENGINE

BOO: I'm sure glad Roskoe didn't see us.
LUCK: Boo, do you know where the carburetor is?
BOO: No, I thought you would know!
LUCK: I'll call Cooties on the C.B.
BOO: No!! You always get to push the little button on the
side of the C.B.!! It's my turn!!
LUCK: O.K. Boo.

2 HOURS LATER-CAR FIXED

BOO: Luck, we've got to hurry up and get home!
LUCK: Why? Uncle J.C. said we don't have to be home for three
hours.

(continued)

BOO: But Mr. Rodgers is about to start!
TWANG!!TWANG!! SOUND OF BULLETS RICOCHETING
BOO: Who's shooting at us now?! Roscoe? Enos? Libyan
Guerillas? Who is it this time?
LUCK: Well, there are four of them in a black van with a red
stripe, and a big black guy with chains around his neck is
driving.
BOO: Isn't that the A Team?
LUCK: Yeah, but why are they chasing us?!
BOO: They probably want to know how we can smash a car's
entire front end right before a commercial, and thirty
seconds later, it is good-as-new!! Either that or Face is
after Dizzy.
LUCK: Where is Dizzy?
BOO: Probably making out with someone at the Boaring nest.
LUCK: Yeah, you're probably right.
BOO: We'll go on old creek road to lose'em.
LUCK: But the bridge is out!!
BOO: Isn't it always?
LUCK: Have we ever gone over a REAL bridge?
BOO: I don't think so!! Here we go!!
BOO & LUCK: YEEEEHAAAAAH!!
BOO: They're still after us!
LUCK: I'll get the dynamite bow and arrows!
TWANG! Sound of bowstring
BOO: Nothing blew up! What's the matter?
LUCK: I don't know!
BOO: Luck!!! You done tied your Lincoln Logs on the arrows
instead of the dynamite!!!
BOO: What do we do now?
LUCK: Boo, I think our Tinker Toys are in the trunk, I'll
climb over the car and get them.
BOO: Luck, isn't that dangerous? We're going ninety miles per
hour!!
LUCK: For me?? No way. For the stuntman, yes!
BOO: O.K.

AFTER LUCK HAS TINKER TOYS

LUCK: If I do this right, I can make a thermo-nuclear bomb.
BOO: Out of Tinker Toys!?
LUCK: Of course! I'll build the container, and you put those
crawdad crudcrammers Dizzy made for us in it!! Hey, where
did the A Team go?

(continued)

BOO: Probably Tuesday night at 7:00 p.m.!!

LUCK: Oh yeah.

BOO: Look!! It's the Bohrsenn twins!

LUCK: Hit the brakes!!

SCREEEECH!!

AS OUR STORY ENDS, BOO AND LUCK DORK ARE HEADING INTO THE WOODS
WITH THE BOHRSONN TWINS.

THE END!!!
(thank goodness!)

Les Miller, '89

LOVE

Love is knowing something
missing when you're apart.
Love is loving someone enough
to let them go.
Love is hurting inside more for
someone than you do for
yourself.
Love is thinking Us instead
of I.
Love is laughing at jokes, even if
they aren't funny.
Love is a warm, sunny feeling
that makes you feel wanted.
Love is making allowances for
each other, and being patient.
Love is making decisions -
together.
Love is giving your all, and still
wanting to give more.
Love is caring externally.


Felicia Toher, '88



LONG WAIT

All alone she awaits.
Awake the lonely nights;
Dreaming of that stern face
She sits by the firelight;
Beaming at that portrait.

But it won't be this eve,
Nor tomorrow or next;
He is gone, gone forever,
For he rests, far away.
All her love is in vain.

 Mark Oliver, '87

THE PROMISE

The day had finally arrived. April 21st, 1985. This was the day of my best friend's funeral.

I had gotten up one hour earlier this morning. I wanted to look nice for Mandy's funeral. After all, this may be the last time I will be able to see Mandy. The thought of not having her around anymore made me cry. Mandy was my best buddy. We had been best friends since kindergarten. Mandy and I had a relationship that only the closest of sisters do. I loved her as if she really were my sister. We fought like everyone else, but every time we made up and became closer than before. There was never a dull moment when we were together. Mandy was the one who made me realize that I was someone special.

There was one part of Mandy that I will never forget: her light brown eyes. They were always happy. I guess you could call them laughing eyes. I could always tell when she was serious, or when she was teasing. Her eyes made the difference.

I glanced up at her picture on my dresser. There were those light brown eyes looking at me; smiling.

It began to rain. I always love watching the rain fall outside my window. Today it gave me a special sense of peace.

I remembered what had happened that day. Mandy and I had gotten into a small fight.

Mandy came to school in a great mood. She told me that she was going out on a date with Troy Marzen. He was by far the cutest guy

(continued)

in our school. He also was the drunk of our school. This scared me. I didn't want to lose my best friend.

"What if he gets drunk and you guys get into an accident?!" I kept asking her. "What if" was the only thing I could think of. Mandy reassured me that she could take care of herself. I trusted her because she was my best friend; I believed her.

Now Mandy is dead. So is Troy. Troy got drunk and they smashed head on into another car.

I noticed that there was a bright light shining down into my room. The sun had come out and it quit raining. I looked outside and saw the huge rainbow. It seemed to stretch from one side of the world to the other side. It was a beautiful sight.

It was almost time to leave for the funeral. I looked at Mandy's picture, hoping it would make me happy. There was something different about it...the eyes. Mandy's eyes looked happier than ever before. It was almost as if they were trying to tell me something.

I looked outside and the rainbow was gone just like Mandy. But you always will see a rainbow again. Something told me that I would also see my best friend Mandy again.

Kim Hawes, '88

FOG

Fog thick as a blanket:
Masks the world to our eyes.
We sometimes see what's not;
But we can't see what is.
It's unsafe to move on.

We can't see what's ahead.
But if you don't get through;
This problem down the way.
You'll wait there forever,
Yet it won't go away.



Mark Oliver, '87

G-rease
A-nd
R-ags
A-round the
G-rimy
E-ntry way

Joey Reese, '88

She's an old woman that lies next to the road on which I travel. Her boards still stand after many years of use and abuse and she waits in her solitude for me. Inside lie the remains of various animals that went inside to live out their last minutes of survival. She also holds residue from long dead parties such as beer cans and the like. Parts of her roof lie on the ground which long buffeted by wind and storm, simply had to leave the old hag. Graffiti decorates her body, reminders of the parties she had sheltered within her walls. It wasn't always this way. She used to be a fair, young lady who would smell of cows and freshly cut hay. She now resigns herself to fight off her two enemies, Time and Weather.

Eric Bellman, '89





Diane Wall '86



Josh Barker '11



Neal Fischer '87



Teresa Lyons '86

ON THE BEACH

Who's going to care
When the world is destroyed?
Who's going to care
When the earth is void?

Life won't exist
And neither will we.
When everything is gone
No one will see.

The few that survive
Will be mangled and in pain,
And no matter how hard they try,
Nothing they will gain.

For now you see
The end is near,
Their life
Makes this perfectly clear.

They will fight and struggle
Just to live,
But in the end,
They will have nothing to give.

They will die like the rest,
No matter where they hide,
They could build a nest
And hide inside.

Who is to blame,
No one cares.
You did the same,
Nothing is fair.

On the beach
You watch it come.
The radiation will beseech,
And to fight is dumb.

Now death you will prepare,
For now it is over.
Your grief you will bear
On your own shoulder.

(continued)

Death is here,
At the front door.
Nothing I fear,
I'm beginning to soar.

No one will care
When the world is destroyed.
No one will care
When the earth is void.

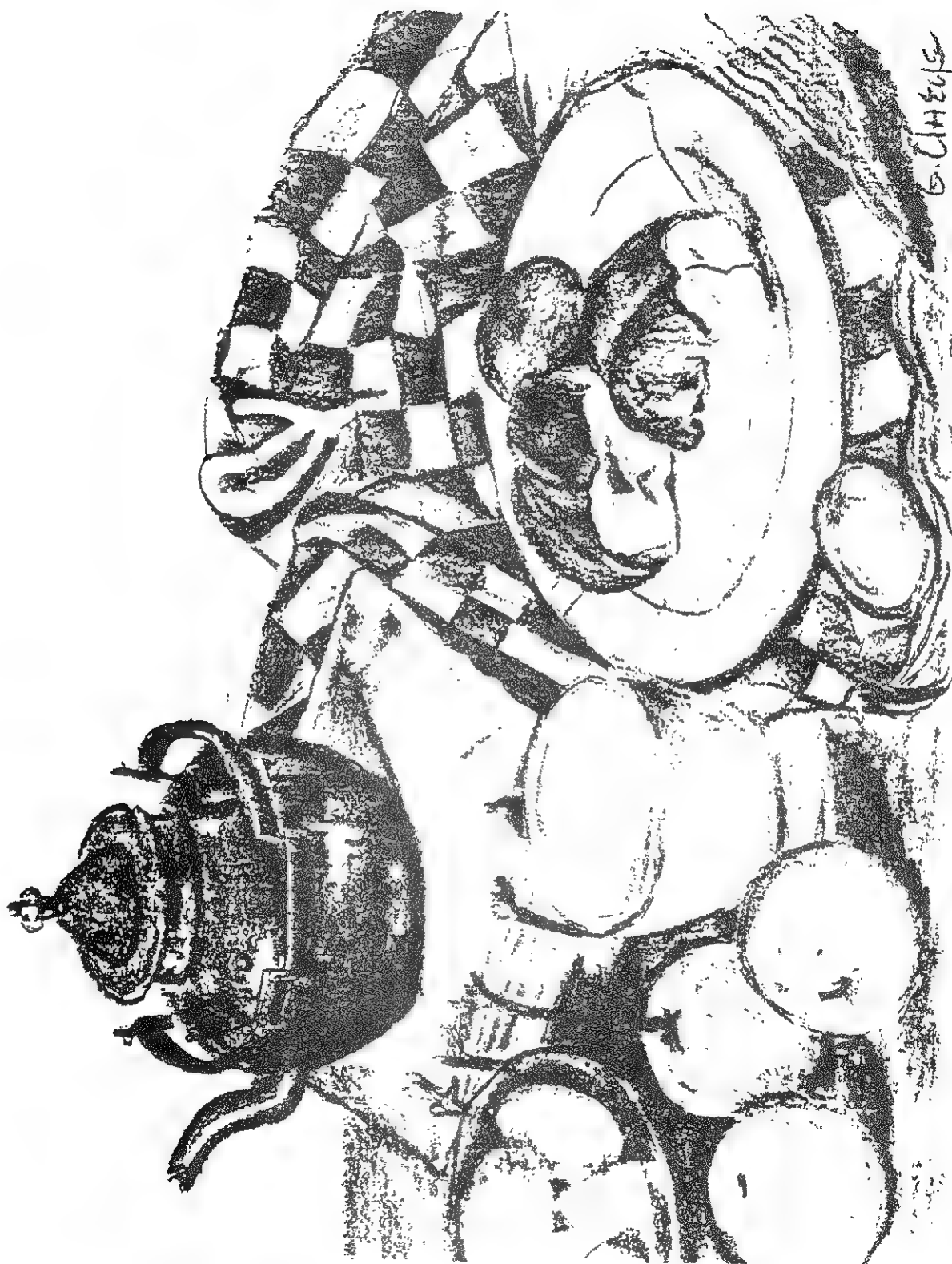
Jenni Hedges, '87



Out of the corner
Of my mind's eye,
A fleeting image
Leaves a strong impression.....
How long has it been
Since we've been together?
Startling visions wax and wane
Their flickering shadows
Darken a troubled heart.
I find myself catching my breath,
His eyes are just like yours
The same color
Looking at me the same way
Again
Only a vision.

The days trickle by
Like milk-white sands
Through a distorted hourglass.

Angela Pierce, '88



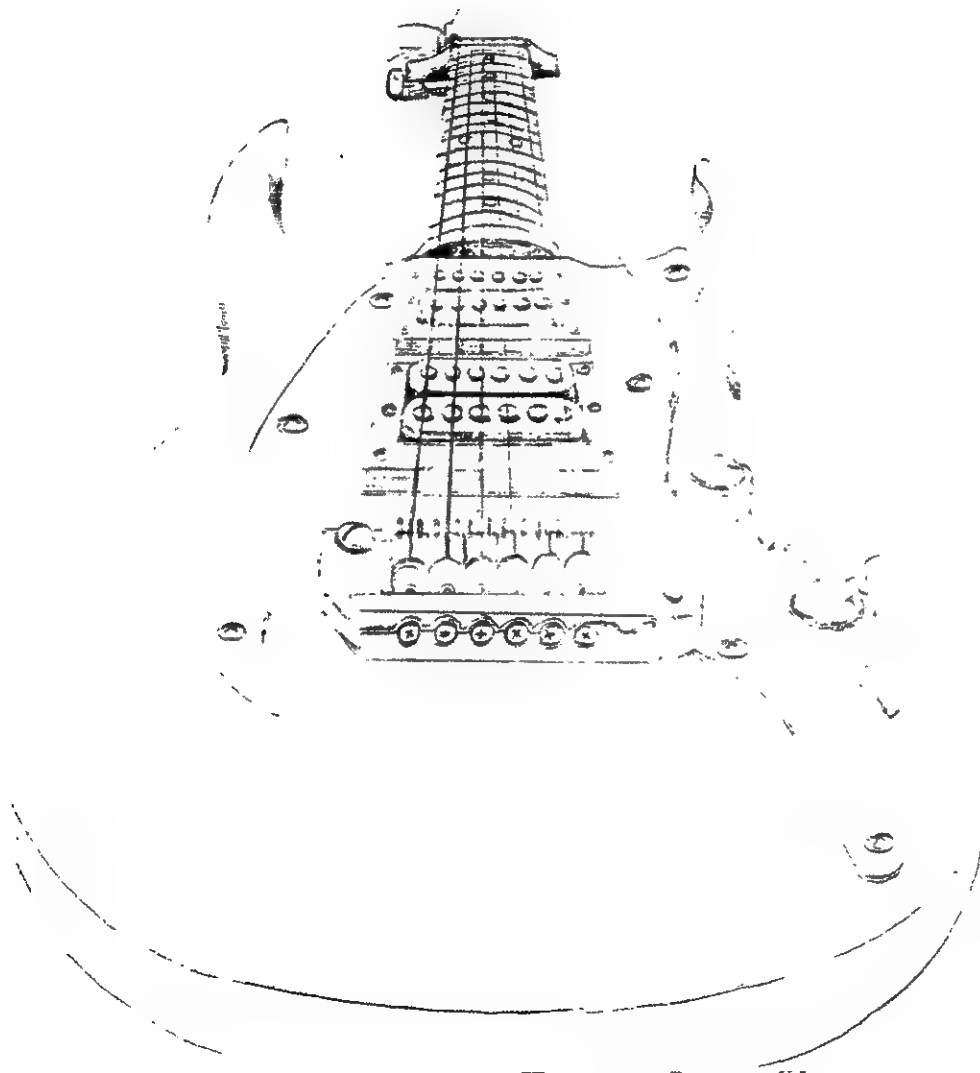


Michelle Heiker '86



Teresa Lyons '86

Josh
Harker)
p.4



Josh Harker '89



Laurie Caweizell '89

REFLECTIONS

I see your face on the water,
every time I look,
I once had you around my finger,
I once had you on a hook,
Now I see how I treated you,
I didn't have a clue,
That I hurt you so very much,
to cause you to be so blue,
Now I've come to realize, that I was very wrong,
knowing now without you, my days will seem to be long,
For now on I will not try to live in the past,
instead, I will linger at your reflection atop the
waters.

Denise Hendryck, '88

JOY

"Joy is something that is accomplished."
-Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Joy is something that all people strive for. It is what people are looking for as they travel the long road of life. Joy is something that people long to give and to receive. Some people have to look longer and harder to find it. Some people never do. Joy is the purpose of life, the ultimate goal. Without joy, there is no reason to go on. Joy is greatest when it comes from something you have done. That type of joy is what life itself is built on.

Heather Holland, '89

Crisp, clean and white with shiny caps of gold.
They jump around in circles with nowhere else to go.
Then someone, somewhere takes the hot, searing pain away,
And they wait, in fear of what is to come.
When they will be taken and eaten one by one.
Made sleek with a yellow coating and hailed upon in white,
They are overturned, head over heels into a bottomless pit.
Lying in darkness on top of one another, smothered,
awaiting their doom.
They must hate us for what we do but even so, we love to eat
popcorn.

Colleen Bulazo '87

A WALK

A walk on a Sunday afternoon.
Quiet, peaceful, not a sound,
Except the birds up in the trees.
I walk, with my head toward the ground,
And suddenly, I stop, and it's all gone.

A BABY

A baby, perfectly born,
Her life floats by like snowflakes in the wind,
And then,
Wiping her eyes, a death appears.

Kathy Corbin '87

Freedom

Freedom

The sweat, hot, stinging in our eyes,
Our feet are bruised and torn, calloused.
Running for our freedom.

Hurry

Hurry

Through woods where branches stinging slap,
The swamps of insects and dark, deep muck.
We're hurrying toward our freedom.

Follow

Follow

North where white and black are one,
With God to trust and stars to guide.
We're following the trail of freedom.

Freedom

Freedom

Short on time and long to go,
We're flying towards our freedom.
Hoping for our freedom.

Colleen Bulazo '87

ANOTHER DAY

Dawn is upon us,
And colors awaken.
A slight breath of wind,
The leaves are not shaken.

Early morning colors,
Red orange, and pink.
Cool breezes caress.
A time to think.

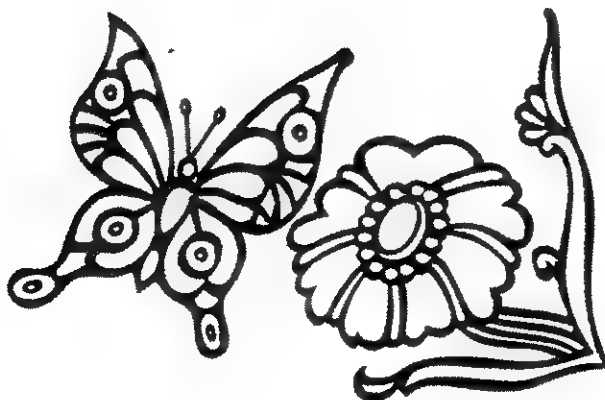
Thoughts of the future.
Memories from the past.
Something recaptured.
Nothing seems to last.

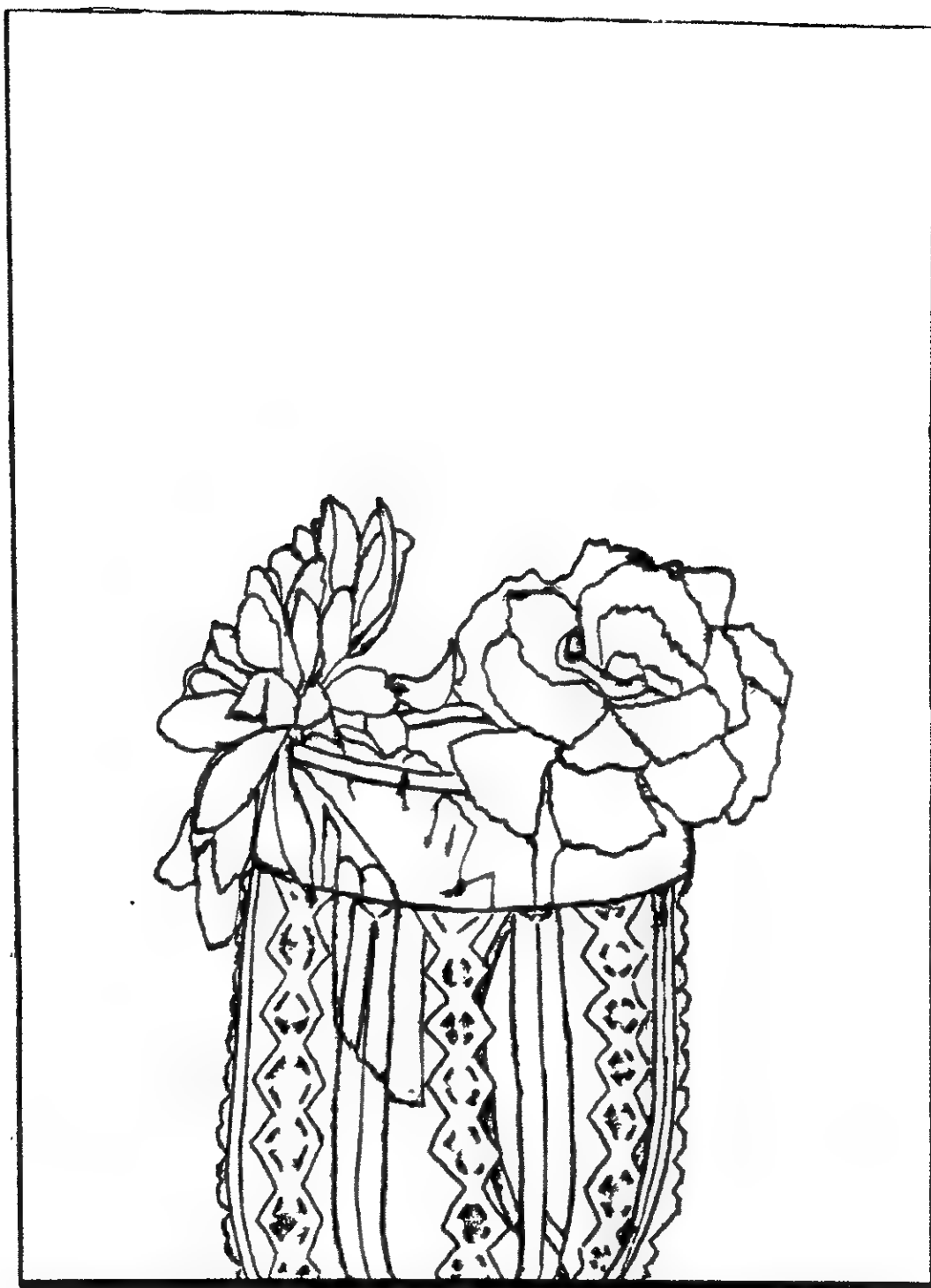
Dusk is upon us,
Purple, blue, and grey.
Memories forgotten.
Tomorrow is another day.

Lisa Scott '88

It starts with a feeling in the stomach
a twinge of doubt, a twinge of fear?
But I know I'm ready, I am.
Walk through the doors, all those people!
They're so good and there's only me.
But I know I'm ready, I am.
What is my number? My God! . They
called my number!
But I know I'm ready, I am.
And one and two and kick, turn
I'm the only one who's doing it wrong?
But I know I'm ready, I am.
The tension hangs in the air like a fog,
So nervous, will I make it?
But I know I'm ready, I am.
Those around are at ease with themselves.
How can I win against them?
But I know I'm ready, I am.
The cuts are made, the cuts! I can't bear
it when my name isn't called.
But I know I'm ready, I am.

Colleen Bulazo '87





Michelle McKnight '86

THE SMILE OF LIFE

This is a story of a little girl named Jami. Jami was diagnosed to have Cystic Fibrosis when she was only six months old.

When Jami was born, she appeared to be a very healthy baby. Her mom and dad were so happy to have a healthy little girl.

Within a few months, Jami was coughing and having trouble breathing. Jami's parents thought it was just an every day chest cold and forgot about it. The coughing persisted. Little Jami continued to struggle with her breathing. Enough was enough...Jami's parents decided to take her to the doctor.

The first doctor diagnosed it to be nothing but a bad chest cold and prescribed some medicine. To be on the safe side, Jami's parents wanted a second opinion.

The doctor told them there are a number of lung diseases that it could be. To find out which one, Jami was to have a series of tests taken.

The test results came and they all led to one disease: Cystic Fibrosis.

Jami probably wouldn't live to be twenty. She had to sleep in a plastic tent which contained mist that helped Jami breathe. Jami had a hard time digesting the food that she ate.

When Jami was four, she learned to read and write as well as a seven year old. Jami was very happy. She always had a smile in her face that could make anyone happy. Jami realized that she was going to die. There was no way that Jami was going to feel sorry for herself. She didn't waste time. She had to do what she wanted now; not later. After all, there might not be a later.

Just when things were looking good for Jami, she got worse. Jami was put into the hospital. This didn't stop her though. Jami would spend her time with the people who knew they were going to die... just like Jami.

Jami always wanted to help people and now was her chance.

Every day at the same time, Jami would go to each hospital room and talk. Jami would talk to them about life and death. She helped the patients to accept the fact that they were dying.

One of her patient's had cancer. His name was Mark. Mark treated everyone like he hated them. He even treated himself badly. He had tried to kill himself twice. Jami spent most of her time with this young man. No matter how much Jami gave to Mark, he would never listen.

Jami wrote Mark a poem... a poem about herself. She took it to Mark's room and left it on his bed next to him.

Later that day, Jami couldn't breathe anymore. The doctors said that there wasn't too much to do, except wait.

There was one thing Jami had to do before she died. She had to talk to Mark.

Mark had heard how bad Jami was. He thought that he should go talk to her.

A bright smile came to Jami's face when Mark entered the room. Jami asked the nurse to go to Mark's room and get the poem she wrote.

When the nurse arrived back, Jami asked to read it. Mark began to read the poem and soon tears came to his eyes. He looked up at Jami and noticed the smile on Jami's face. Mark said something to Jami, but Jami didn't respond. It was then that Mark realized Jami was dead. Mark started crying and he couldn't stop. The tears kept flowing. Mark wished he could tell Jami "thanks" for helping him. But he couldn't, she was gone. The only way was by taking her advice.

Mark was released from the hospital two weeks later. Mark had

never been happier, He volunteered at a children's hospital near his home. He loved his job. Mark died at the age of twenty-five.

Jami helped one man learn to live life to the fullest. Maybe we all can learn from Jami... and Mark.

Kim Hawes '88



As I drove down the interstate on a sunny, summer afternoon, I began to day dream. I pretended I was driving in the Grand Prix. I drove like Mario Andretti, as I whipped around the turns in my sparkling green Chevelle. When my speedometer read 120, Kris was provoked to hit me. This of course snapped me out of my trance. Soon our stomachs began yelling at us, so we decided to get some food at a restaurant. When I entered this scummy establishment, it appeared to me that a tornado went through it. We were so hungry though and decided to eat anyway. While we waited for our orders, I had an excellent chance to day dream. I fantasized of Kris and I running on a smooth, sandy beach splashing through the rapid, rolling waves. After about ten minutes flew by, Kris kicked me and said, "Wake up you idiot" Our food came, so we wolfed it down like hungry puppies. Following our feast, Kris said that she wanted to go to the record store. While in the record store, I saw pictures of Jimmy Page. Soon I didn't hear a thing going on around me. I visualized myself on stage jammin' out with a gorgeous, Gibson guitar. Quickly I felt the sting of hair in the back of my head being pulled. I snapped out and Kris said I better go home sleep off my silliness.

Scott Dannatt '87

SOMETIMES THEY RETURN

He lay crouched in his bed. The blankets completely covering his body, all save his head. His eyes were wide open with fear, trying in vain to see across the inky blackness of his bedroom. His pajama top soaked with a cold sweat the kept him shivering under three blankets.

"Scratch...scratch." There it was again, that ominous scratching. He unfortunately knew what was going to happen next. "Slam!" The closet door in the hallway slammed as it flew across his bedroom and hit the wall. He cautiously leant over carefully feeling his way on the wooden panelled floor. Contact. He touched it.. But what was it? He drew it close to his face. It was a crucifix. The crucifix he had nailed to the hallway wall. It served as a sentinel of sorts. He always felt at ease when he passed it every morning on his way to the bathroom or kitchen. Now, though, he was scared, more scared than he had ever been, especially since he was sure that one one else was in his apartment at that moment.

But, there had to be an explanation for this frightful experience.

Suddenly, something scuttled across the floor and quickly proceeded under his bed.

He could hear the thick, clogged breathing. Twice it hacked and then continued breathing. Its fingers tapped annoyingly on the wooden floor.

Then, it stopped.

He began to get even more nervous. Suddenly, out of every opening in the room, small gremlin-type creatures crawled across the floor.

The creature beneath his bed began to rip at the acrylic knot of the underside of his bed. He jumped up and stood on the bed. He was quickly knocked down by a smelly, slimy, and sharply-clawed creature. He noticed its claws as he was forced back down on his bed. As he was falling the monster began making incisions on his chest. Whith quick, surgical slashes it uncaringly began ripping the skin off of his chest.

He tried futilely in attempt to get it off, but is had claws in its back legs and had dug them into his skin and wrapped them around his lower ribs. He would have to break his ribs off to get the beastly thing off.

The other creatures had surrounded the bed, and he could hear them all breathing percariously. He could feel the hot breath of the creatures on his chest in his face. Its breath stunk like something had crawled in and died two weeks ago and was never taken out.

He could hear the creature below his bed ripping at the down in his bed. Then he felt it as it thrust its hand up through the bed, and into his lower back.

"NOOOOOOOOOOO!" he screamed.

"NOOOOO, leave me alone!"

"Alone" he screamed out loud. He sat up in bed. Now there were no monsters, no claws eager to rip his innards out. It was all just a dream. A nightmare. A very bad nightmare. The same nightmare that had haunted him for two years. The same amount of time that had passed since he had moved into this apartment. He glanced at his bedside clock. Its digital numbers read 3:19. It always read 3:19. Every night since he had begun having this dream he woke up at 3:19.

Tommmorrow night, he thought to himself, tommorrow night I'll

stop this once and for all.

* * * * *

The next night arrived quickly. He slept from 4:30 p.m. and awoke around 11:00 p.m. in plenty of time to adjust to being awake.

His plan was simple, he just planned on remaining awake all night, to prove to himself that his dream had no real meaning.

He was now very alert and very awake, but just to ensure that he would remain awake he made some Nescafe in his new electric coffee maker. He also stuck a prune danish in his bun warmer. After his food was done he went into the living room eating the prune danish (almost gagging, because of the "so natural" taste). He stuck the movie "Graduation Day" into the VCR needing a good horror movie just to help him understand things like his dream weren't real. He also had "Hotel Hell" and "The Howling" lined up. He began watching "Graduation Day", hoping that the night would hurry and end.

* * * * *

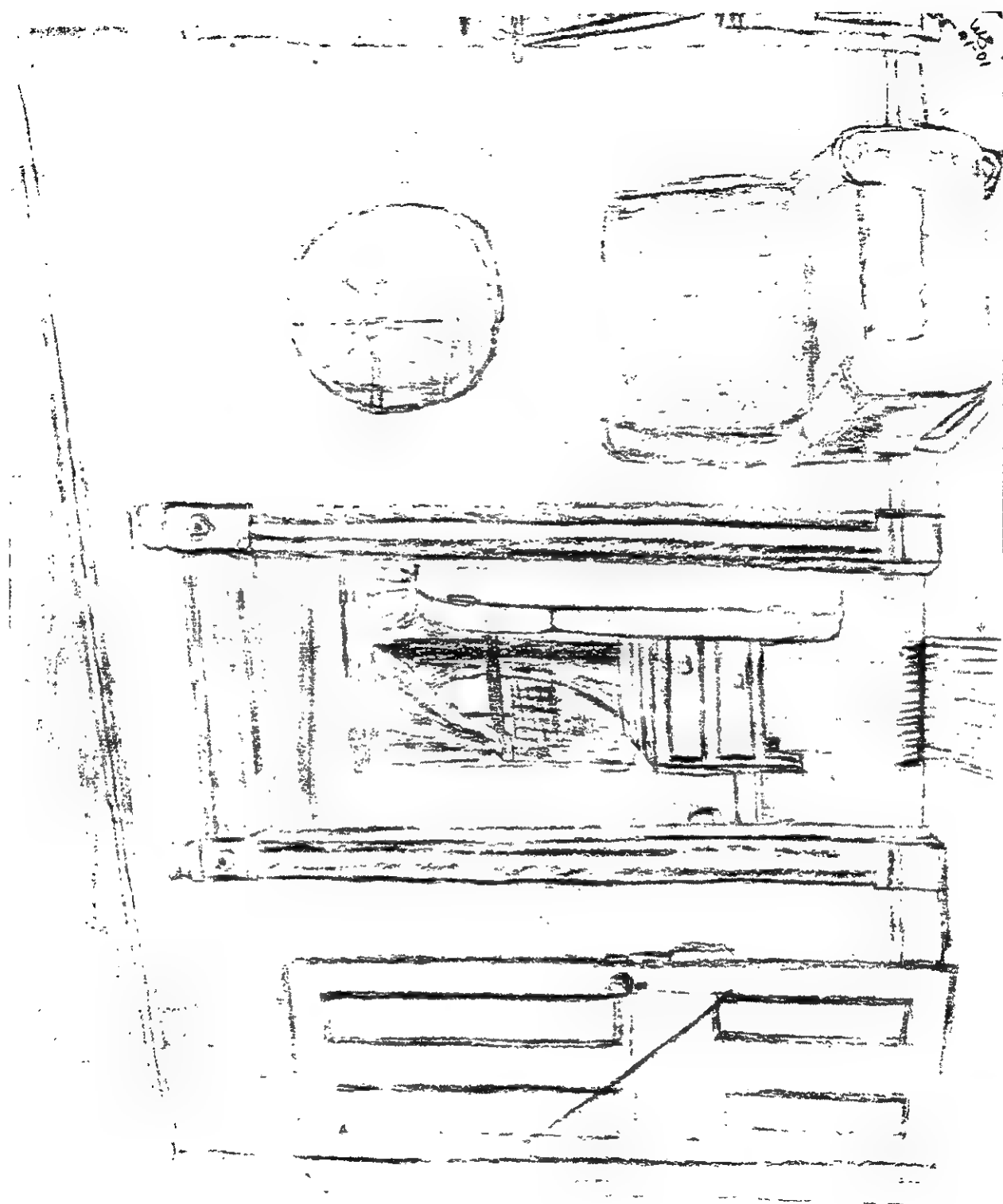
About 3:10 his eyes began to get heavy. But he quickly awoke as a woman was severed in half by a man with a chainsaw in "Hotel Hell". He felt a cool, crisp breeze blowing through the room. He stood up and walked through the hallway into his bedroom. His window was open and there was a brimstone stench in the air. He quickly walked over and closed the window.

He heard something in the hallway. He was scared. He jumped onto his bed and waited, breathing quickly. He could feel a cold wetness all over his body. The crucifix flew into his room. The little creature ran into his room, under his bed. He didn't resist, he just lay, flat on his bed. He tried to wake up, but couldn't. He tried and kept trying but only in futile attempts.

Meanwhile the creatures advanced quickly, and he knew the end was near. As tears filled his eyes and his skin was being shredded—he glanced at his bedside clock. It read 3:19.

Jason Lang '88





Michelle McKnight '86

LIFE

Life
Is not measured in years
It's measured, instead,
In smiles, laughter and tears

TEDDY BEAR

Though you are old and worn
With fur that's been hugged threadbare
And with all your warmth
You still care

You listen when
No one else does
With a welcoming smile
And ears of fuzz

I am too old
For you now
And you have had too much wear
I am still, inwardly wishing
For you, my Teddy Bear

ART IS...

Art is a mirror on my mind
Illusions of thought
A one of a kind

Creating an image from eye to hand
A pencil the wind a canvas the land

When it is finished
It is proudly signed
By the author's own
Creative mind

Laurie Cawiezell '87

ALONE

Alone I sit in the dark,
Crying over a broken heart.
So alone... doesn't anyone care
That I am here, and he is there?
No one's here for a warm embrace.
No sparkling eyes or smiling face.
Just like the rain pouring from the sky,
A tear falls from the corner of my eye.
Outside the sky is grey like steel.
Doesn't anyone know the pain I feel?
We used to laugh, we used to cry.
Our love was more than money could buy.
On remembering all the good times we had,
I wonder why I feel so sad.
The raindrops are now far and few.
The sky has turned a brilliant blue.
I see a rainbow of colors in every tone
And I suddenly realize that I'm not alone.

Chris Noel '87

We look past the horizon,
past what we can see;
asking what can be done,
wondering what's to be.

The future is uncertain,
there is so much to do.
Comparing things we've done,
to those we've yet to do.

Chris Byer '87



Tim Lower '87

I BONED A RACK OF LAMB TODAY

You're a homo
Perry Como
Ho, Ho, Ho
Stop...Stop!
Gimme a break.
Ben's a Dike.
Nice to meet you,
Who are you?
I am me!
Peace be with you...
And also with you.
Wear nylons 69 times.
Keep your hands to yourself,
And your eyes upon the wagon.
Eat bananas, you silly peasant.

Kari Lake '86
Heather Haycraft '86

CHANGE OF MOOD

Silence
So Still
Hypnotising
Sleeping lightly
Head getting heavy
Resting in the open book
And then you fall off your chair.

Kari Lake '86

UNCERTAIN

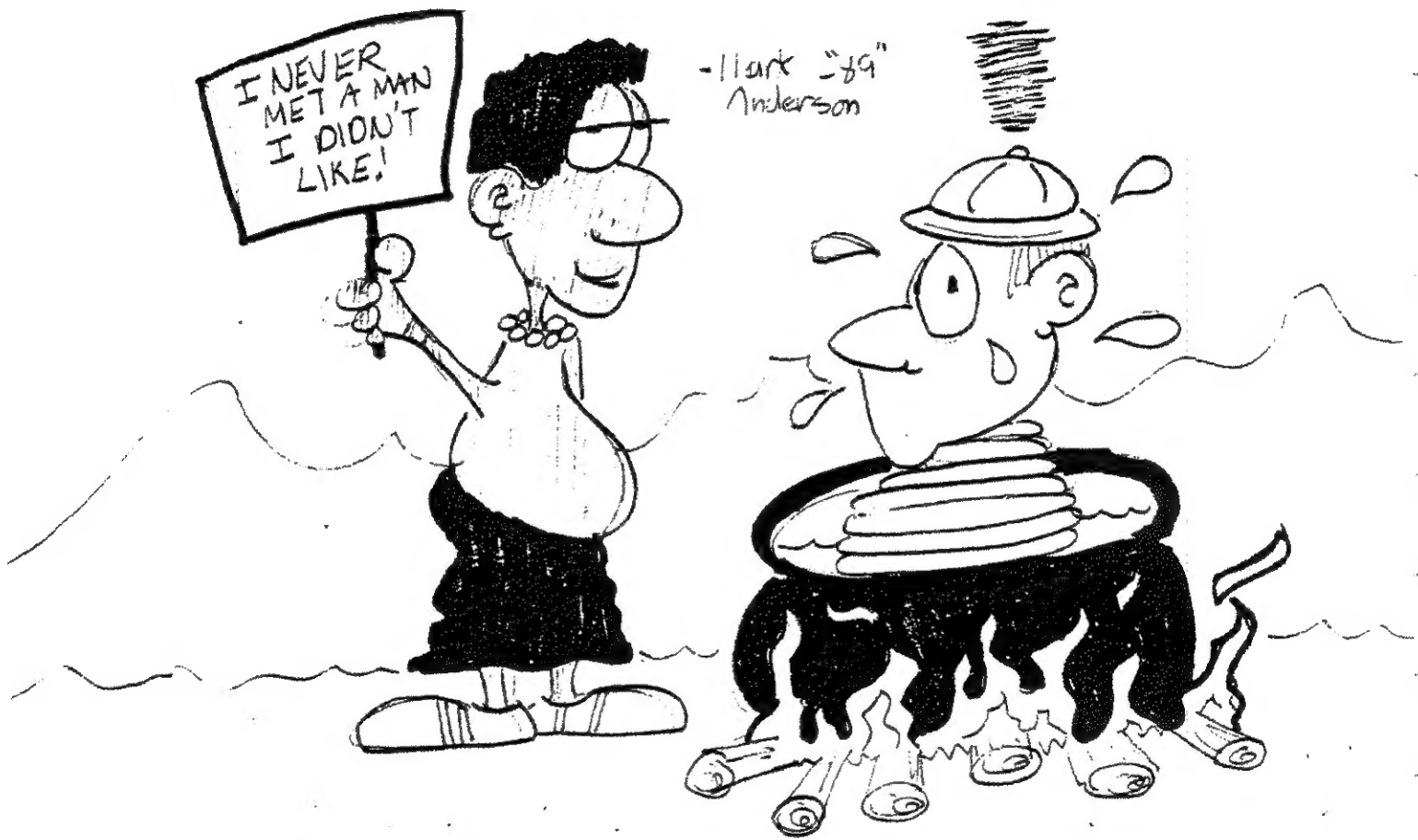
I sit and wonder how I make it through the day,
Thinking of the words I long to say.
I want to tell him how I really feel
Follow with a kiss as a bonded seal.
Do I have the courage, or will it diminish?
Once I start will I be able to finish?
I don't want to lose him, I care too much,
I long for his smile, his kiss, his touch.
I'll keep him with me, deep in my heart.
Even in the end, like I did from the start.
Does he love me, how much does he care?
Should I ask him, do I dare?
Oh please help me, what should I do?
Should I just start by saying, I love you?
Do we have a future, or is this our end?
If it is, will my heart ever really mend?
If we have a future will it be bright?
Or will it be dark and cold like a winter night?
He's my meaning, my future, my life.
Will he ever ask me to be his wife?
I want to be his future, not his past.
Will our love make it, could it last?
Should I give up or should I keep trying?
If I give up will I ever stop crying?

Angie Abel '87





Royce
Bare
'87



Mark Anderson '89